

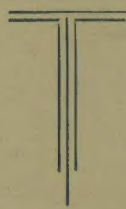
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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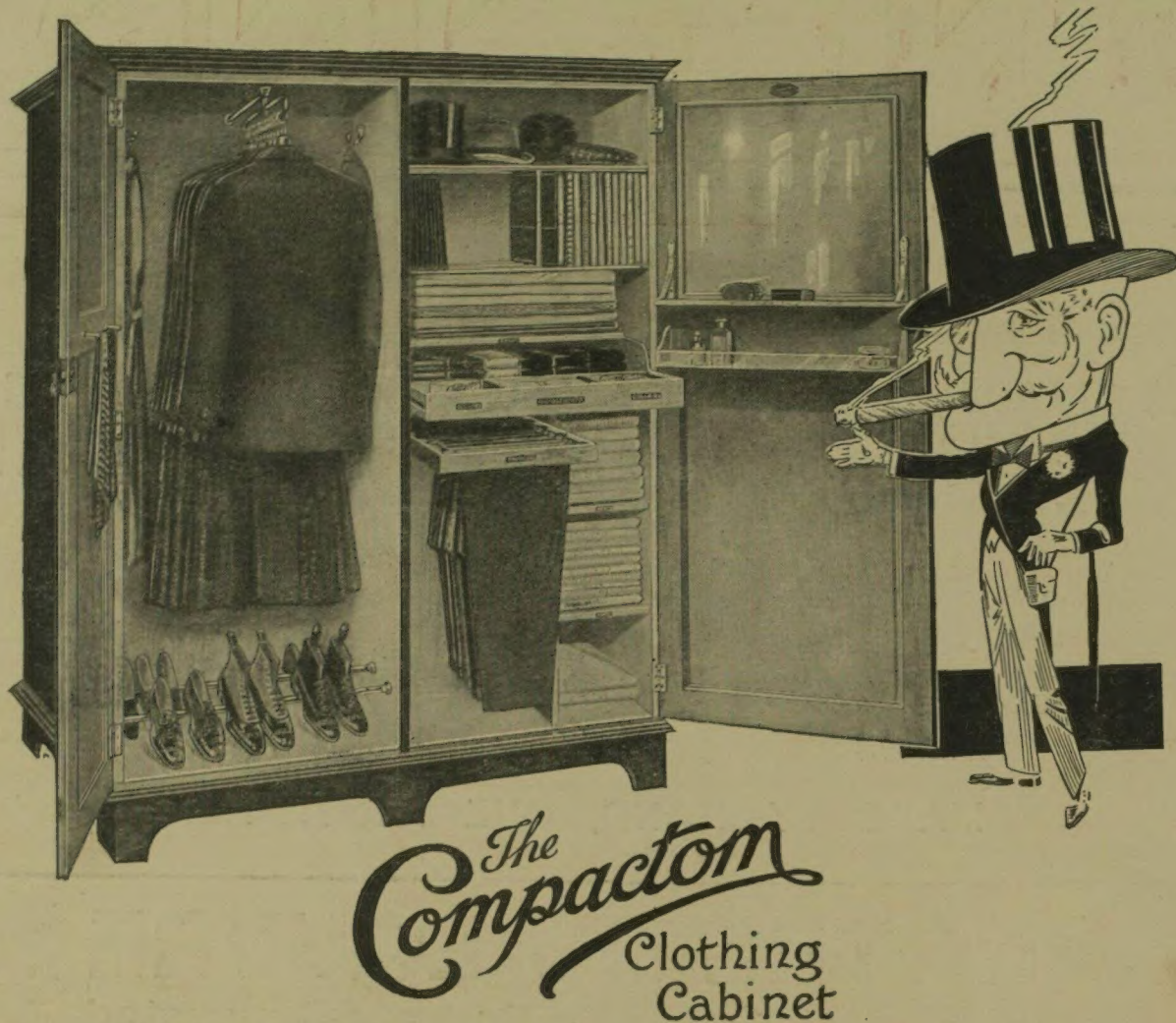
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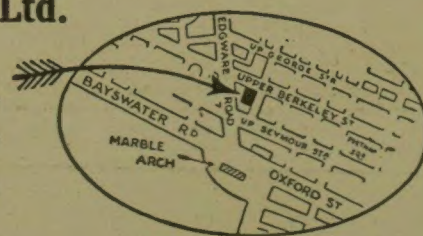
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1923.

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"POLLY"—THE GREAT THEATRICAL SUCCESS OF THE MOMENT: MISS LILIAN DAVIES IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF THE SEQUEL TO "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

"Polly," the sequel to "The Beggar's Opera," is the theatrical event of the moment, and John Gay's once-banned political satire—new-fashioned by Clifford Bax—is assured of a long run. Seldom—if ever—has the sequel to a play been produced while its predecessor was still gracing the boards; but this is the case with the two eighteenth-century light operas: "The Beggar's Opera" still draws big houses at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and "Polly" is creating a

furor at the Kingsway. Miss Lilian Davies, the young singer who takes the title-rôle, is a stage débutante from the concert platform, and has won all hearts by her beautiful voice, her fine acting, and her beguiling person. She is equally fascinating in the demure feminine costume of the period, and disguised as a gallant young officer of the Militia. Other photographs of the production will be found on page 25 of this issue.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK, KUTTER (LUXEMBOURG), ELLIOTT AND FREY, LAFAYETTE, PROTOPRESS, AND RUSSELL.



LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN THE DIAMOND JUBILEE YEAR: THE LATE SIR GEORGE FAUDEL-PHILLIPS, BT.



A MOTHER: THE GRAND DUCHESS CHARLOTTE OF LUXEMBOURG.



HUSBAND OF THE GRAND DUCHESS OF LUXEMBOURG: PRINCE FELIX.



A WELL-KNOWN PAINTER ONE OF THE NEW KNIGHTS: SIR HERBERT HUGHES-STANTON, R.A.



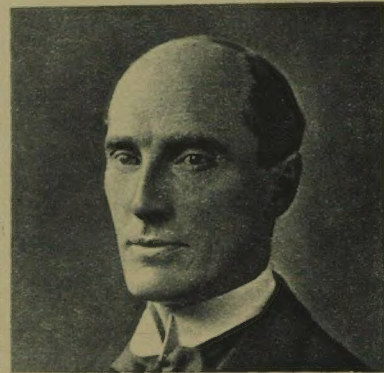
AN EMINENT SCOTTISH CHURCHMAN: THE LATE REV. JAMES COOPER, D.D.



A NEW BARONET: SIR THOMAS PAXTON, LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW.



A NEW KNIGHT: SIR EDWARD R. HARRISON, CHIEF INSPECTOR OF TAXES.



APPOINTED MASTER IN LUNACY, IN SUCCESSION TO MASTER THEOBALD: MR. G. M. T. HILDYARD, K.C.



MADE A K.C.V.O. FOR RESCUING PRINCE ANDREW OF GREECE: SIR GERALD F. TALBOT.



A WELL-KNOWN BLIND K.C. AMONG THE NEW KNIGHTS: SIR HENRY STUDDY THEOBALD, THE RETIRING MASTER IN LUNACY.



A POPULAR "ENTERTAINER AT THE PIANO": THE LATE MISS MARGARET COOPER.



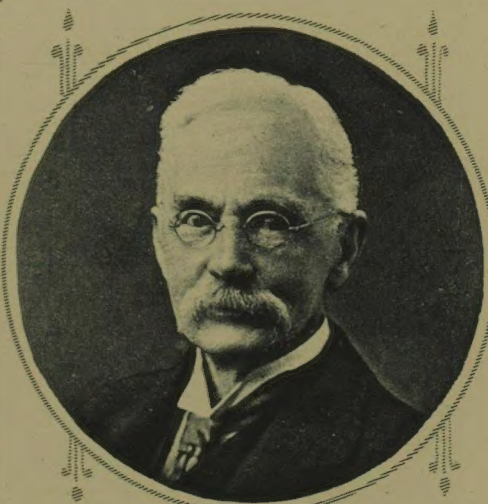
A NEW KNIGHT: SIR BERNARD H. SPILSBURY, HON. PATHOLOGIST TO THE HOME OFFICE.



TO HOLD THE NORTHERN COMMAND: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON.



A NEW BARONET: GENERAL SIR NEVIL MACREADY, RECENTLY G.O.C. IN IRELAND.



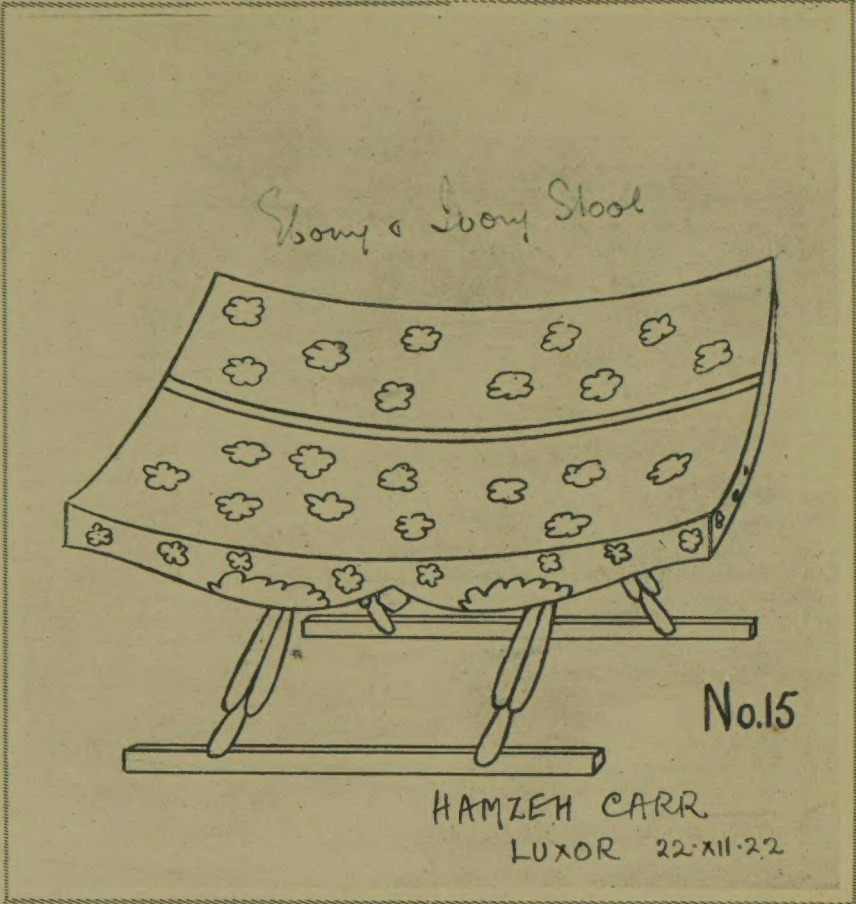
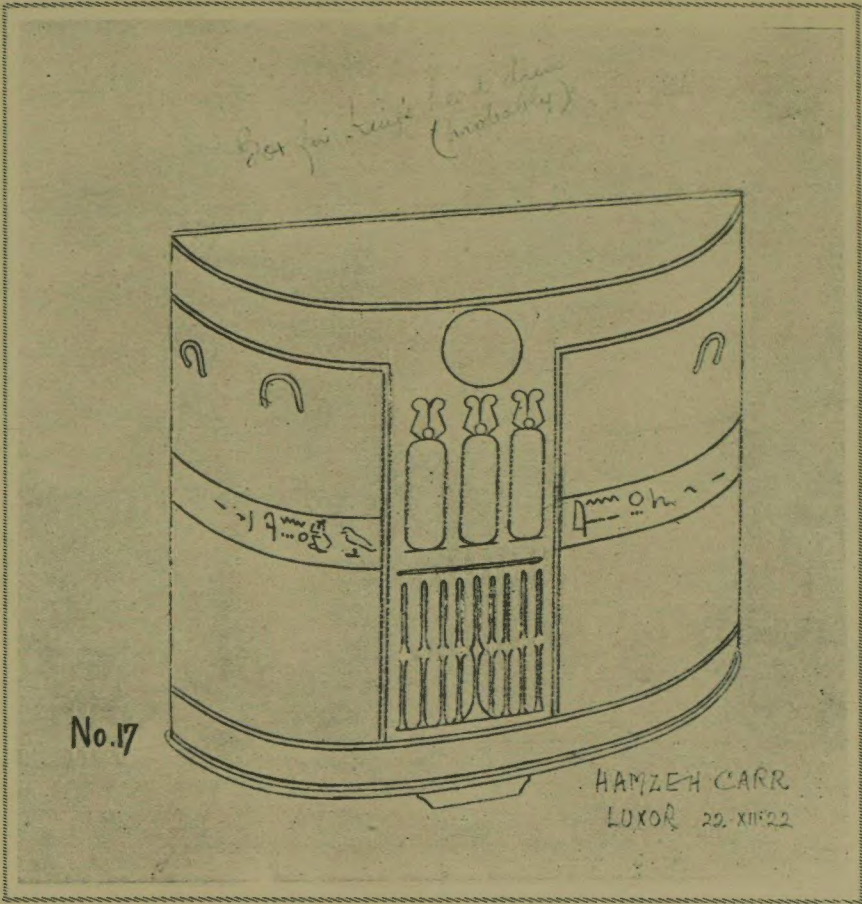
A GREAT ORIENTAL SCHOLAR: THE LATE PROFESSOR T. W. RHYS DAVIDS.

Sir George Faudel-Phillips, Chairman of Faudel's, Ltd., was Lord Mayor of London in 1896-7, the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and was made a Baronet on that occasion. The Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg, who has just given birth to a daughter, married in 1919 Prince Felix of Bourbon-Parma.—Sir Nevil Macready commanded the British forces in Ireland from 1920 until the recent evacuation. Among the sixteen New Year Knighthoods were those conferred on Mr. E. R. Harrison, Chief Inspector of Taxes; Dr. Bernard Spilsbury, Hon. Pathologist to the Home Office; Mr. Herbert E. P. Hughes-Stanton, R.A., President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours; and

Mr. Henry S. Theobald, K.C., the blind Master in Lunacy, who is retiring, and is to be succeeded by Mr. G. M. T. Hildyard, K.C.—Mr. G. F. Talbot was British Naval Attaché in Athens.—Dr. James Cooper was Emeritus Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Glasgow.—Miss Margaret Cooper was the widow of the late Captain Arthur Humble-Crofts.—Sir Charles Harington, of Constantinople fame, will on June 1 succeed Sir F. Ivor Maxse in the Northern Command.—Professor Rhys Davids was a great authority on Pali and Buddhist Literature, of which he held the Chair at University College, London, from 1882 to 1912.

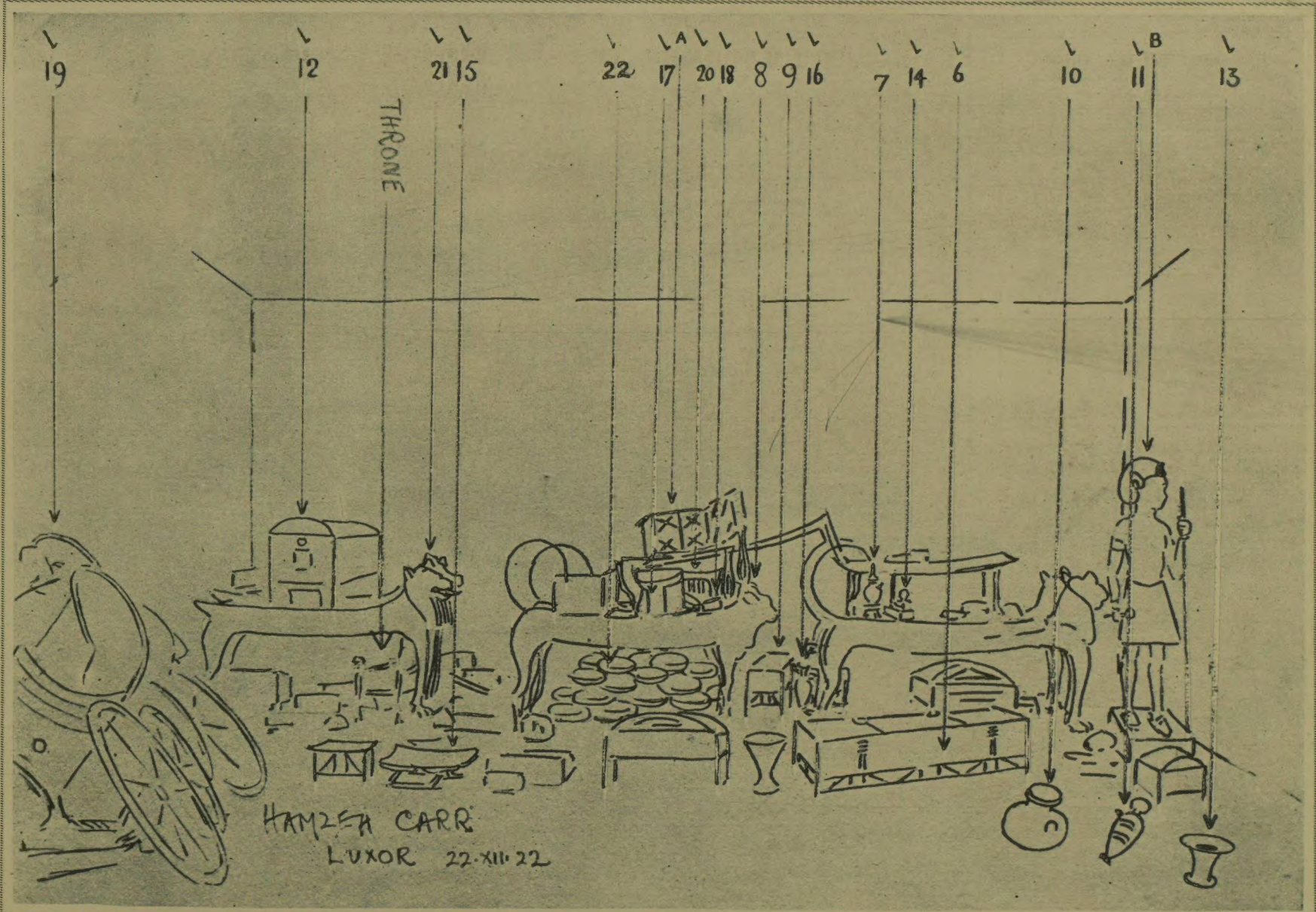
THE EGYPTIAN "FIND": THE TOMB INTERIOR SKETCHED ON THE SPOT.

DRAWINGS MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY HAMZEH CARR; BY PERMISSION OF MR. HOWARD CARTER. (SEE ALSO PAGES 4 TO 7.)



PROBABLY FOR THE KING'S HEAD-DRESS: A BOX BEARING THE THREE ROYAL CARTOUCHES AND DECORATED WITH PAINT, BEATEN GOLD, AND INLAID STONE.

INLAID WITH IRREGULAR DAISIES IN IVORY, NOW OF A DEEP OCHRE COLOUR: A STOOL OF EBONY, CURIOUSLY SIMILAR TO MODERN "JAZZ" DESIGNS.



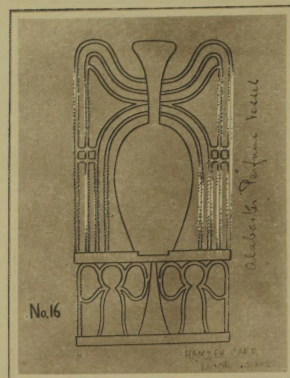
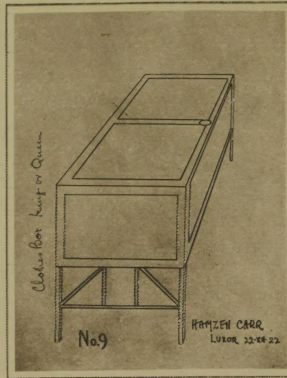
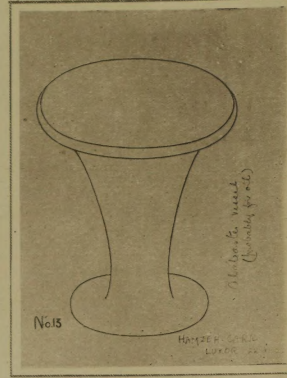
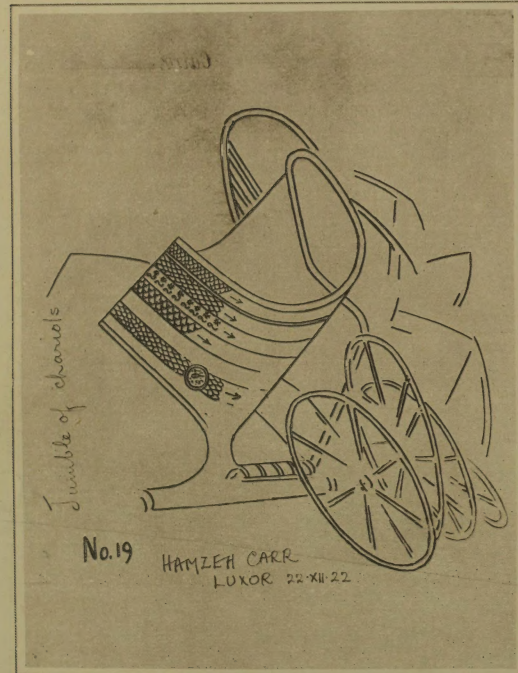
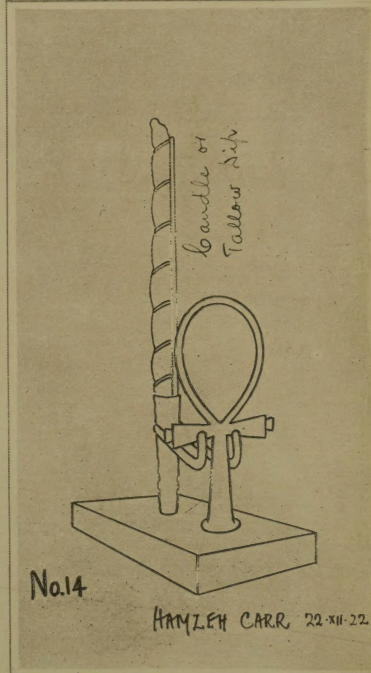
SKETCHED ON THE SPOT JUST AS IT WAS FOUND, AND PROBABLY UNTOUCHED FOR OVER 3000 YEARS: THE INTERIOR OF THE FIRST ANTE-CHAMBER TO TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB—SHOWING THE OBJECTS VISIBLE (WITH REFERENCE NUMBERS CORRESPONDING TO OUR SEPARATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THEM).

We are now able to give sketches made directly from actual objects found by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter, in the ante-chamber of Tutankhamen's tomb. The above general sketch of the interior does not show everything in the chamber. There were numerous other objects insufficiently distinct, or hidden, which could not be included. It forms a key plan, with reference numbers corresponding to those on the detailed drawings of separate objects on this and succeeding pages. In the numbering the numbers 2 to 5 inclusive were inadvertently

omitted. The royal throne, indicated under the animal-headed couch on the left (No. 21), was too much hidden to be sketched separately. The statue on the right (marked B) is a life-size figure of the King, similar to that shown in sketch No. 1 (on page 5), except for the head-dress. The body is black, with inlaid eyes, and the head-dress, bracelets, waistcloth, and mace held in the right hand covered with beaten gold. The two statues (B and No. 1) face each other, as though guarding the false wall leading to the tomb itself, which is yet to be opened.

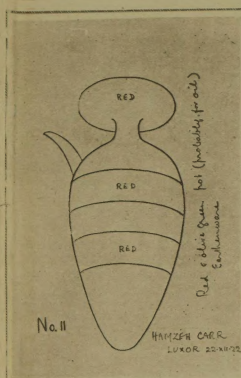
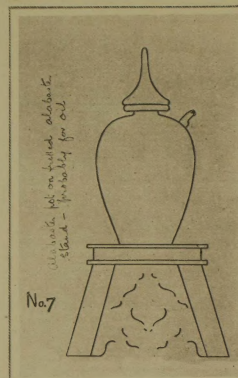
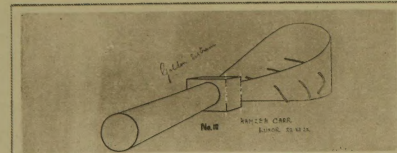
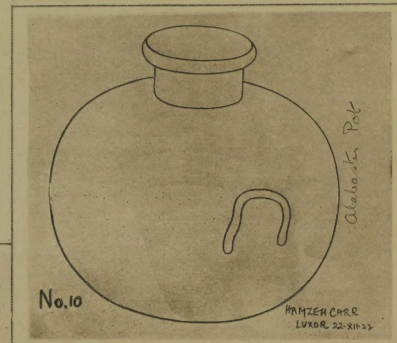
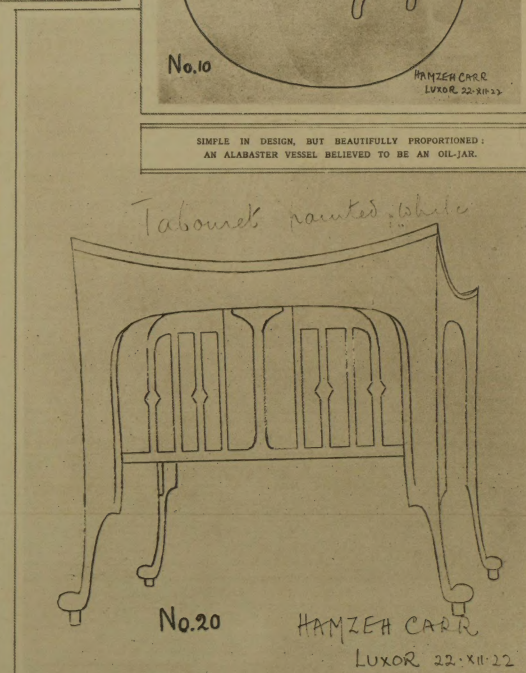
BY AN ARTIST ALLOWED TO SKETCH IN THE TOMB OF

DRAWINGS MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

CARVED FROM A SINGLE PIECE OF ALABASTER:
A PERFUME-VESSEL (ABOUT 16 IN. HIGH).HOW EGYPTIAN ROYALTY KEPT THEIR GARMENTS 300
YEARS AGO: A BLACK AND WHITE CLOTHES-BOX.ALSO BELONGING TO THE UNIQUE SET OF ALABASTER
VESSELS: ONE PROBABLY USED FOR OIL.DECORATED THROUGHOUT IN BEATEN GOLD, INLAID STONE, AND PAINT (THE ARROWS INDICAT-
ING CONTINUATION OF DESIGN): CHARIOTS WITH WHEELS REMOVED TO GET THEM INTO THE TOMB.SAID TO BE THE FIRST EXAMPLE OF SUCH LIGHTING IN EGYPT: A CANDLE
OR TALLOW DIP IN A GOLD SOCKET, WITH IRON OR BRONZE SUPPORT.

TUTANKHAMEN: DIRECT DRAWINGS OF OBJECTS FOUND.

BY HAMZEH CARR, BY PERMISSION OF MR. HOWARD CARTER.

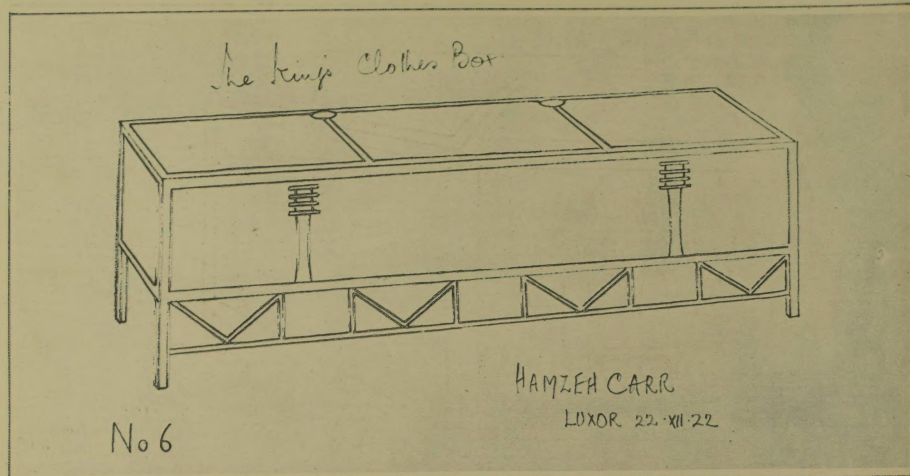
POTTERY OF THE TUTANKHAMEN PERIOD:
A RED AND GREEN EARTHENWARE VESSEL.ANOTHER EXQUISITE EXAMPLE OF ALABASTER:
AN OIL-JAR ON A FRETTED STAND.USED IN RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES: ONE OF A PAIR OF GOLD SISTRA,
JINGLING METALLIC INSTRUMENTS.SIMPLE IN DESIGN, BUT BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED:
AN ALABASTER VESSEL BELIEVED TO BE AN OIL-JAR.WITH INLAID EYES AND HEAD-DRESS, BRACELETS, WAIST-CLOTH, AND
FACE OF BEATEN GOLD: A LIFE-SIZE STATUE OF KING TUTANKHAMENA BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN FURNITURE OF THE TUTANKHAMEN PERIOD:
A TABOURET, OR STOOL, PAINTED WHITE AND FRETTED IN A DELICATE DESIGN.

These deeply interesting sketches were made by the artist, Mr. Hamzeh Carr, on December 22, when the tomb of King Tutankhamen, discovered by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter, was reopened after having been closed for a time since the first inspection, to allow of due preparations being made to guard it and clear the contents. Representatives of the Press were allowed to view the ante-chamber, the only one so far opened, from the threshold, by the light of a powerful electric lamp. "Mr. Carr," we are informed by our correspondent, "was very fortunately able to obtain Mr. Carter's permission to sketch, and was the only artist present at the opening of the tomb. Immediately after the Press view the tomb was closed again, except to members of Lord Carnarvon's staff. The sketches obtained by the artist are absolutely exclusive and unique. No photographs were then allowed to be taken of the interior of the tomb. Our sketches show the objects as they were found, absolutely untouched. Many objects, including the king's throne, are so concealed behind

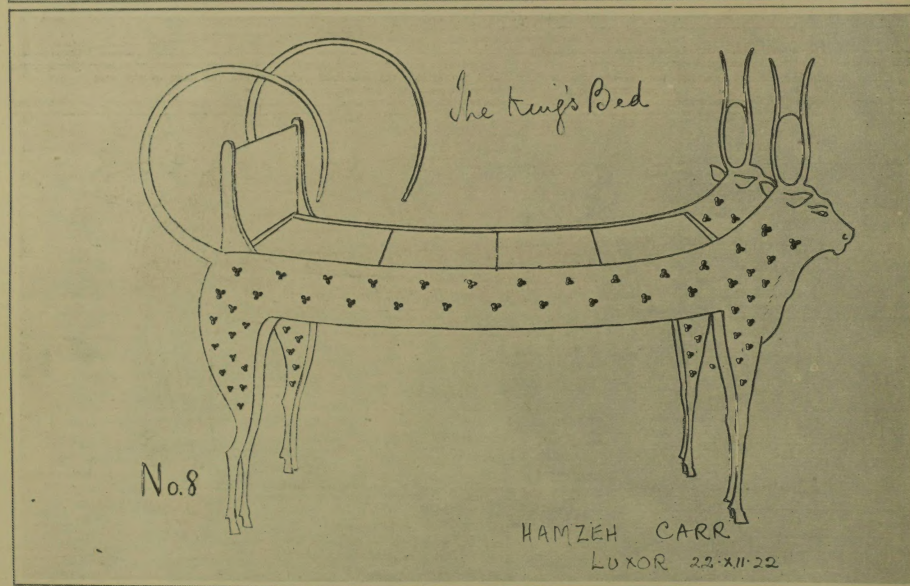
others as to be impossible to sketch. The chariots lay in a heap in a corner, and the wheels had all been taken off, apparently to get them into the tomb." No. 14 is described as "A most interesting object, probably a candle or a tallow dip. It is on a black stand, and has in front the symbol of life supporting a gold socket in which is the dip itself. The dip has the appearance of palm fibre." Lord Carnarvon himself, describing the ante-chamber, writes: "Between two of the couches we noticed four of the most beautiful alabaster vases ever found; nothing to touch them has ever come to light before. . . . At the northern end are two life-sized portrait statues of the king in bituminised wood. The features are most delicately carved. On his brow is the crown of Egypt; around a neck is the gilt collar, emblem of royalty. In one hand he holds a long gilt stick, while in the other he clasps a gilt mace. His bare feet are shod in solid gold sandals." The reference numbers on the drawings correspond to the key plan on page 3.—(Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

EXCLUSIVE SKETCHES OF THE EGYPTIAN "FIND": ROYAL

DRAWINGS MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"



DECORATED ON THE SIDES WITH THE TET SIGN (OR OSIRIS' BACKBONE): KING TUTANKHAMEN'S CLOTHES-BOX, IN A DESIGN OF BLACK AND WHITE, WITH BROWN WOODWORK AT THE BASE.

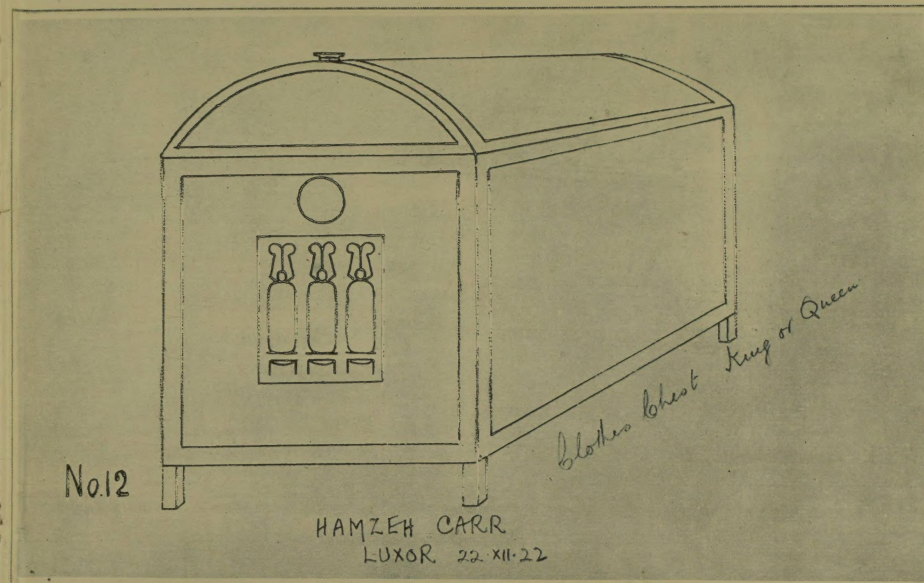


IN AN EXQUISITE DESIGN OF HORUS FIGURES COVERED WITH BEATEN GOLD AND DECORATED WITH A PATTERN OF STALKLESS TREFOIL: A MAGNIFICENT COUCH FOUND IN THE FIRST ANTE-CHAMBER OF THE TOMB.

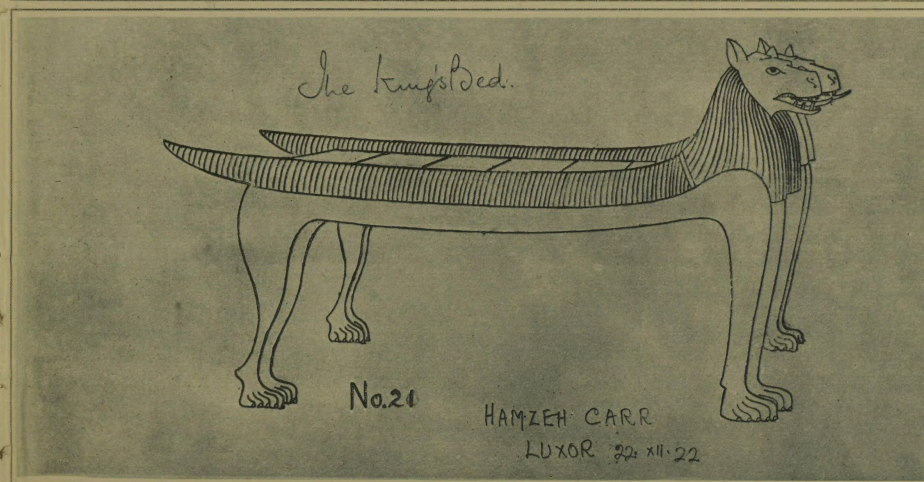
The magnificent appointments of the royal bed-rooms in ancient Egypt during the reign of King Tutankhamen, more than 3000 years ago, have been revealed by the objects found in the ante-chamber of his tomb by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter. Now exquisite in design and workmanship, and how rich in decoration, was the furniture of the period, is well seen from our artist's drawings, which were made on the spot direct from the objects themselves. The royal beds, for example, are covered with beaten gold, as also are many of the other treasures discovered, and it looks as fresh now as on the day when it was first put on. The ancient Egyptians, it is pointed out, always used beaten gold for such decoration, and not gold leaf, as it is sometimes erroneously called. Describing his own inspection of the contents of the ante-chamber (the only one so far opened) in which the above objects stood, Lord Carnarvon writes:

BEDS AND WARDROBES OVER 3000 YEARS OLD.

BY HAMZEH CARR; BY PERMISSION OF MR. HOWARD CARTER.



DECORATED AT THE END WITH THE SUN DISC AND UNDER IT THREE CARTOUCHES—THE FIRST AND THIRD BEARING THE NAME OF THE KING AND THE CENTRE ONE THAT OF THE QUEEN: A BLACK AND WHITE CLOTHES-CHEST.



ENTIRELY COVERED WITH BEATEN GOLD AND IN PERFECT PRESERVATION—EVEN THE TEETH AND TONGUES OF THE HEADS BEING UNBROKEN: ANOTHER SPLENDID, ROYAL COUCH IN THE ANTE-CHAMBER OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

"The first thing that one noticed against the wall facing the door were three gigantic carved gilt wood beds, the ends of the beds having carved heads, one head, in particular, with a large ivory tongue and teeth looking most weird. Upon these beds were heaped chairs, boxes, smaller carved couches, and some wonderful sticks beautifully carved and inlaid. Some of the boxes were made of ebony inlaid with ivory, covered with inscriptions. Others were inlaid with gold and porcelain. . . . Everywhere was a mass of boxes, some opened and plundered, others seemingly untouched. At the present moment, owing to the profusion of articles, we have not a notion of a thousandth part of the contents of even this chamber." The reference numbers on the drawings correspond with those in the key-plan on page 3, indicating the position of the objects in the chamber.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE modern mind is like the eye of a man who is too tired to see the difference between blue and green. It fails in the quality that is truly called distinction; and, being incapable of distinction, it falls back on generalisation. The man, instead of having the sense to say he is tired, says he is emancipated and enlightened and liberal and universal. In all the controversies about religion and morals, about men and women, about parents and children, about ethics and economics, we are familiar with the various forms of the evasion. Sometimes it takes the turn of saying in a general way, "Are not all united in the great greenish-blue oneness, as it eternally evolves into the bluish-green allness?"—or words to that effect. Sometimes the argument runs in effect, "Are not the beautiful blue things, the Blue Boy or the Blue Bird, the creations of the genius of Gainsborough and of Maeterlinck, are not these things more truly and divinely Green than the mere summer forests which in their arrogant greenness, etc., etc.?" Or again the philosopher will sometimes say, "Why should this one poor persecuted colour be excluded by an arbitrary rule from the exclusive society of the Blues (that crack regiment), and how long are we to wait before the claim of Green, emblazoned before us in the beauty of so many hills and meadows, is heard by a blind and prejudiced world?" There is also the argument from exaggeration, if one may so define it, which tells the arrogant blue that if it tries to keep away from green it will immediately turn purple, or which warns the fastidious green that it can only avoid blue by becoming yellow. Of course, there are also the sophists, the more subtle sort of liars, who are always careful to tell the truth, or the wrong half of the truth. They can always be trusted to point out that there is a green that is very nearly blue and a blue that is very nearly green, applying the argument to men and monkeys, or morals and manners, or anything else that may be convenient to the people who have the money to hire them. "But I am one of those who obstinately maintain the propositions, which some describe as paradoxes, that green does exist and blue does exist; that they are not the same, but quite different; that those who believe them to be the same are not broadminded, but merely bored; that they only make the act of assimilation because they are too fatigued to make the effort of distinction; and that, sooner than show any respect for such supercilious myopia, I would infinitely prefer to halloo on the two colours to fight each other, and show a hearty and simultaneous sympathy for the True Blue of the Tories and for the Wearing of the Green."

The ramifications of this remarkable heresy are too remote and varied to follow. But the central and invariable part of it is the principle of insisting on the sameness of everything, to avoid the bother of noting the characteristics of anything. For instance, there is a true doctrine of the brotherhood of men—or, as I prefer to put it (with the motive of causing annoyance)—the equality of men. But, properly understood, that doctrine is itself a distinction; it consists in distinguishing the human soul in spite of many disguises—like recognising a King in many ragged masquerades. But many modern people assume that all men are brothers, on the principle that all cats are grey in the dark, and that therefore (as they argue) there is no difference between a tabby cat and a tiger. And it may be noted that these people always break down in their idea of the brotherhood when the argument passes beyond the brotherhood itself. They profess themselves quite unable to distinguish a man from anything else, whether from an ape or an angel. They

will never admit that we owe anything to men that we do not also owe to monkeys, or possibly to microbes. Consequently, their concessions and amiable sentiments are somewhat lacking in substance and point. For a man may often be highly dissatisfied by being told that nothing will be done for him, except what is already done for a microbe. It is often discouraging to be told that there shall be no revolution for the rights of men until there is a revolution for the rights of microbes; or that it is only what microbes have done that men can be called upon to do. Nor is it necessary, of course, to take so extreme a case, for all human claims are perceptibly lowered when they are levelled with any non-human claims. The commonsense of the thing, of course, is that we owe one sort of duty to men and quite another to monkeys

imagination of most people; they think of a vast vague cloud, when they do not only think of a vast vague blur. But a difference is a definite thing; and if a man says that two things are different, he must be prepared to consider in what they differ. In the case of races, or of the more definite and real things called nations, this will lead him into all the puzzling problems and quarrels of political history, all the curious things for which men fight and die and defy torture. And the differences between different religions will be still more strenuous as a branch of study. They will bring back the old worry called theology, which involves a still older worry called thought. They will require him to examine doctrines, even in order to disagree with them. How much easier it is to say that it is all much of a muchness, and pretty much the same in the long run! How much simpler is it to sink into an armchair with a seraphic smile, and say that the All is identical with the One!

There is the same fatigue in saying that the female is the same as the male, instead of considering where she is different and where she is even superior. There is the same fatigue in the trick of treating children as if they were grown-up people, even at the very moment when we admit that grown-up people would be better if they were more like children. We say that the Kingdom of Heaven is like a little child, and then try to make a little child as bored as a Byzantine Emperor. The chaos has the same cause; that we find it less trouble to let in a jungle of generalisations than to keep watch upon a logical frontier. But this shapeless assimilation is not only found in accepting things in the lump; it is also found in condemning them in the lump. When the same modern mind does begin to be intolerant, it is just as universally intolerant as it was universally tolerant. It sends things in batches to the gallows just as it admitted them in mobs to the sanctuary. It cannot limit its limitations any more than its license. Thus there are living human beings, outside lunatic asylums, who will tell you that there is no real difference between claret and cocaine. It is like saying there is no difference between shaving a man and cutting his throat. Then there are other lunatics, and lunatics now having power to lay down the law, who have somehow got it into their heads that any artistic representation of anything wicked must be forbidden as encouraging wickedness. This would obviously be a veto on any tragedy and practically on any tale. But a moment's thought (did they ever indulge in such an excitement) would show them that this is simply an illogical generalisation from the particular problem of sex. All dignified civilisations conceal sexual things, for the perfectly sensible reason that their mere exhibition does affect the passions. But seeing another

man forge a cheque does not make me want to forge a cheque. Seeing the tools for burgling a safe does not arouse an appetite for being a burglar. But the intelligence in question cannot stop itself from stopping anything. It is automatically autocratic; and its very prohibition proceeds in a sort of absence of mind. Indeed, that is the most exact word for it; it is emphatically absence of mind. For the mind exists to make those very distinctions and definitions which these people refuse. They refuse to draw the line anywhere; and drawing a line is the beginning of all philosophy, as it is the beginning of all art. They are the people who are content to say that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and are condemned to pass their lives in looking for eggs from the cock as well as the hen.



THE CENTENARY OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST BENEFACTORS: LOUIS PASTEUR, THE FATHER OF BACTERIOLOGY, IN HIS LABORATORY, CONDUCTING AN EXPERIMENT WITH A GERM CULTURE OF RABIES.

Louis Pasteur, the great pioneer of modern bacteriology, preventive medicine, and antiseptic surgery, was born on December 27, 1822, at Dôle, in the Jura. The centenary of his birthday was celebrated by the students of Paris at the Sorbonne and at the Institut Pasteur, in the presence of President Millerand. Further celebrations are to take place later, including a Pasteur Exhibition and scientific congresses at Strasbourg, where he was a professor from 1849 to 1854. A new monument to him will be unveiled there by M. Millerand on June 1. Many others already exist in various parts of France, for his memory is held in universal veneration. Pasteur died in 1895. On another page we illustrate his tomb in Paris, with a note on his scientific achievements. In the above picture, he is seen examining a bottle containing a fragment of marrow infected with rabies.

From the Portrait by Edelfelt, the Finnish Artist; painted in 1886.

or other animals. But when we say that, a third kind of duty immediately presents itself, and that is exactly the sort of intellectual duty which is specially repugnant to these intellectuals. It is the duty of making an effort, for it is the duty of making a distinction.

In short, to say that behind all races, and even behind all religions, there is a great human unity is one thing, and is quite true. To say that race does not differ from race, and even more to say that religion does not differ from religion, is quite another, and is quite false. But while this attitude is much more false than the other, it is also much more easy. A man can merely broaden his mind instead of making up his mind. A unity is an indefinite thing in the

LORD CARNARVON'S PHOTOGRAPHS—FIRST STEPS TO THE GREAT "FIND."

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SIGNIFICANT AS FRIDAY'S FOOTPRINT: THE "STEP CUT IN THE ROCK," WHICH LED MR. HOWARD CARTER TO THE DISCOVERY OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB—THE ENTRANCE BEFORE EXCAVATION.



CAREFULLY SIFTING SOIL FOR FRAGMENTS OF POTTERY: NATIVES PICKING OVER RUBBISH.



SHOWING (TO AN EXPERT EYE) FAINT INDICATIONS OF THE CREST OF KING TUTANKHAMEN: THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE BEFORE IT WAS OPENED.



WITH MR. HOWARD CARTER, THE DISCOVERER (ON THE RIGHT), DIRECTING OPERATIONS: A CHAIN OF NATIVES HANDING UP RUBBISH FROM THE CAVE.

Interest in the great discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb continues unabated. We give here some of Lord Carnarvon's own photographs taken before the entrance was excavated, on his arrival at the spot in response to a cable from Mr. Howard Carter announcing indications of an important "find," one which must have given him as great a thrill as did the "footprint on the sand" to Robinson Crusoe. "At last," wrote Lord Carnarvon at the time, "Mr. Carter came upon a step cut in the rock. He continued clearing away steps, and after freeing a few more came to a wall covered with cement, on which the seal of the Royal Necropolis was faintly discernible. This seal consists of nine captives, in rows of three, and

a jackal couchant above them, and is only used in the royal portion of Theban cemeteries. After carefully examining the sealings, he cabled to me that at last he had made a fine discovery, and, having covered up the spot, he waited till I arrived. On my arrival at Thebes, we set to work at once to clear away the rubbish, and, as we did so, we came across various broken objects, such as broken pottery, flowers, and some skins which had been used to carry water." Elsewhere, Lord Carnarvon says: "At the bottom of the staircase we came upon a wall covered with seals. Some bore the name of Tutankhamen; on others the royal seal of the nine captives, with the jackal reposing above, was discernible."

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

DESULTORY dipping into a bundle of books may not be a highly commendable exercise for a reviewer, but at the present season it can make a very pleasant holiday relaxation. It led me by a rather devious path to a group of volumes upon



FANCY DRESS IN CHELSEA PORCELAIN: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BALLET GIRL AND A PIERROT.

London. I began with a book that is only remotely Metropolitan, the late W. H. Hudson's last work, "A HIND IN RICHMOND PARK" (Fisher Unwin; 16s.), those charmingly discursive papers on nature and art and life and literature, and whatsoever occurred to the author's rarely gifted mind. One's delight in them is tempered by regret that so brave a pen is forever stilled.

Of Richmond Park itself Hudson has not much to say, except that when in London he used to visit it occasionally to refresh himself with its woods and waters abounding in wild life, and its wide stretches of grass and bracken. But, although he does not give any minute description, he contrives with a few touches to suggest the scene so vividly that I was tempted to take down William Black's "Adventures of a Phaeton," to read again the more elaborate passage which gives, I think, an unmatched picture of the Park and of the view from Richmond Hill. Black refers to a rather far-away time, but that second chapter of his is no bad companion to a group of books on London past and present and future. He leads up to his Richmond incident with glimpses of the principal London thoroughfares in the early 'seventies. He has caught and fixed the spirit and appearance of a London that no longer exists, the London of the horse-bus, the "dexterous hansom" and the "indolent four-wheeler."

Hudson was not a man of the city streets, but of these he has at least one memorable word. Who do you think was his companion there? None other than Chaucer himself. "If you think of Chaucer as dead," he says; "you are greatly mistaken. . . . I know it, because I am so often with him, walking in many a crowded thoroughfare, watching the faces of the passers-by with an enduring interest in their individual lives and characters. But I appreciate his company best and love him best amid all rural scenes. He alone at such times seems capable of expressing what I feel." Hudson found Chaucer "a blood relation to all men." Has the father of English poetry ever been better epitomised?

A paragraph or two later Hudson has something to say about advice he received as to the proper preparation for advice in among the throngs of men. "A nice old retired barrister assured me that a man who had not read his *Times* in the morning was unfit to walk the streets of London." Hudson leaves us to infer that, for him, decision between the newspaper and Chaucer would have been the choice of Hercules.

Hudson's note on antipathies recalled an anecdote that has nothing to do with London; but as this is confessedly an inconsequent article, I may set it down. He speaks of Tycho Brahe fainting at the sight of a fox; of Henry III. of France fainting, and Lord Roberts distressed, at the sight of the harmless cat; of Marshal d'Albert fainting at the sight of a pig; and many other cases of a like kind. Possibly Hudson knew, although he does not mention it, that Dr. John Brown, author of "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS," had an unspeakable horror of cats. I was told by an eye-witness how once, at the dinner-table of a former President of the Scottish Academy, the domestic cat, intending only to be amiable, leaped upon the

Doctor's shoulder. The distress of the laureate of dogs was dreadful to see. He did not actually faint, but he came within an ace of doing so, and restoratives had to be applied.

But to come back to the books in hand. One of them takes us to the very heart of London, where to-day Dr. Johnson might find the tide of human existence even fuller than at Charing Cross—the Mansion House. One of the most carefully laborious and detailed pieces of London history ever attempted is that recently completed by Mr. Sydney Perks, City Surveyor to the City of London, who has devoted years of patient research to the work. "THE HISTORY OF THE MANSION HOUSE" (Cambridge University Press; 35s.) is a book of the first authority. The story is told chiefly from ancient records, the author confining his own text to the irreducible minimum of narrative and remark. He discusses the site of the Mansion House, and gives much interesting information about Roman London; next he passes to the Walbrook, and shows from surveyors' data that, in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House, the Walbrook was a narrow stream, about three to four feet deep. Mr. Perks, then, in a literal sense, clears the ground for



"DAINTY ROGUES IN PORCELAIN": A CHARMING GROUP IN CHELSEA POTTERY—"THE JOLLY WATERMAN."

his main subject, giving minutely statistical and topographical descriptions of the Stocks Market, which stood where the Mansion House now stands, together with notes on St. Mary Woolchurch Haw. Kindred points of antiquarian interest, such as the Statue of Charles II. and the surveys after the Great Fire, lead up to the main subject, the Mansion House itself.

For many centuries the Lord Mayor had no official residence. A Mansion House was first contemplated in 1670, but nothing came of the scheme at that time. In 1689, however, it was proposed that a Committee might consider the question of the Hall of the Grocers' Company being "a dwelling-house constantly for the Lord Mayor." Like most civic matters of the kind, the affair took time, and several sites were proposed and debated. The final issue lay between the Leadenhall site and the Stocks Market site. The latter was approved on March 28, 1736. Next year, after competition, the designs of George Dance the Elder were accepted.

The most interesting part of Mr. Perks's book is his descrip-

tion of the growth and modification of the Mansion House, until it assumed the form in which we know it to-day. Excellent illustrations gratify the curiosity of those who will never have a chance of seeing the famous apartments and their accessories. The fine series of plans elucidates the technical points of the description.

Mr. Perks notes that the use to which the Mansion House is put makes it perhaps the most remarkable building in the world, for he believes it is "the only structure now existing which, like the palace of the Doge at Venice, is a residence, a court of justice, and a prison. Guests little think that by opening a door they could pass into a London Police Court, with the dock handy and cells below. The Police Court is still known by the old name of Justice Room."

Digressions are often the most entertaining part of a book, and Mr. Perks never hesitates to bring in curious little notes illustrating the civic life of the period he has in hand. In his account of the Stocks Market he quotes an instance of the punishment for dishonest trading in 1319. A man who had brought bad meat to sell at the shambles was sentenced to be set on the pillory and the carcasses burnt beneath him. The whole section forms a storehouse of material for a historical sketch of the butchers' and poulterers' trade in Old London.

The Mansion House design aroused fierce and sarcastic public criticism. It was alleged, without authority, that Dance was originally a shipwright, and that "to do him justice, he had never lost sight of his first profession." The front was likened to "a deep-laden Indiaman, with her stern galleries and ginger-bread work." The superstructure on the top (cleared away, with the "Mayor's Nest," in 1795) was compared to Noah's Ark. Mr. Perks defends the design, which he finds "typical of the pompous Georgian era . . . a kind of Hallelujah Chorus in stone."

So much for the past. A sumptuous and splendidly illustrated work on Metropolitan problems takes the forward view. It is "LONDON OF THE FUTURE," by the London Society, under the editorship of Sir Aston Webb, K.C.V.O. (Fisher Unwin; 42s.). It is, on the whole, optimistic in its forecast of what may be done with the city William Morris called "the Wen." Mr. T. Raffles Davison, who writes the chapter on "The Opportunities of London," would like to see the derelict south bank of the Thames taken in hand. Of London improvement generally, he sees the only real hope in a responsible controlling power urged into action by an enlightened public opinion. He asks if it is too much to hope that deep down in our national character there is something which will respond to the appeal which is now being made to realise the great opportunities for the creation of a greater and more beautiful city. He would say, with Wordsworth, "Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the plain of a too busy world!"



SCULPTURE IN MINIATURE: PORCELAIN FIGURES FROM THE CHELSEA POTTERY—FLOWER GIRLS AND "THE TOAST" (CENTRE).

Miss Gwendolen Parnell's beautiful work in porcelain figures, made at the Chelsea Pottery Paradise Walk, is well known to our readers, who will remember, in particular, those representing characters in "The Beggar's Opera." We illustrate here some of the latest examples of her delightful art. Recently she has done a number of portrait figures of Society women, in eighteenth-century and other costume—a form of "fancy dress" portraiture which has become very popular.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News."

A GREAT ETCHER'S PORTRAIT OF A GREAT ACTRESS: A FINE DRIAN.

FROM THE ETCHING BY DRIAN.



A MASTERPIECE OF MODERN FRENCH ETCHING: DRIAN'S PORTRAIT OF Mlle. CÉCILE SOREL AS CÉLIMÈNE.

The work of Drian, the celebrated French etcher, has often before now been represented in our pages. The beautiful example given here shows the French actress Mlle. Cécile Sorel in one of her most famous parts, that of Célimène, in Molière's comedy "Le Misanthrope." The costume is that of the Louis Quatorze period, in the seventeenth century. It was one of many which Mlle. Sorel took with her on her recent tour to the United States, and we may here recall the double-page drawing in our issue of November 4 last, showing her at a mannequin parade, in Paris, of the various dresses she was taking with her to America. Another new work by Drian is a set of illustrations to a new

edition of the fairy tales of Perrault. A French writer says of him: "A portrait of Célimène, majestic and magnificent in her robe of brocade and under her plume of feathers; the characters of the 'Contes de Perrault,' revived in the old court dress of Versailles—these are subjects treated by one of the artists of our time to whom we owe so much of the refinements and research of our modernism . . . who take us to the past only to surprise us by showing our own image there. . . . This Célimène of Drian's is certainly a contemporary of Largillière, but it is also Mlle. Cécile Sorel, such as she has just appeared to the American public."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



LIVING LIGHTS.

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., Hon. LL.D. (Edinburgh), Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.

[Professor J. Arthur Thomson, the famous naturalist, whose delightful books and lectures on animal life and science generally combine deep learning with popular charm, begins here a new series of articles, written at our request, setting forth in a style that all may understand the results of the latest research into many phases of nature's infinite variety.]

THE production of light is widespread among animals, but its significance is very obscure. The physiology of the luminescence (popularly and erroneously called phosphorescence) has been carefully studied in the fire-fly, in a small crustacean called Cypridina, and in the rock-boring bivalve known as the piddock or Pholas. In these cases there appears to be an energetic interaction between a protein substance called luciferase and a somewhat peptone-like substance called luciferin which undergoes rapid oxidation. Just as an active muscle produces heat and electricity, so may another kind of tissue produce light. We do not propose to follow the general question further, but rather to call attention to some recent work, some of which is rather up-setting.

Not very long ago, Professor E. Newton Harvey studied two luminous fishes (Anomalops and Photoblepharon) common off the Banda Islands of the East Indian Archipelago. They have very large luminous organs, and they give out light without ceasing, by day as well as by night, and without requiring any provocation. This is unlike what occurs in other luminous fishes, where the light-producing material shines under the influence of certain stimuli, and is generally regarded as a secretion of glandular cells. In many cases the cells that produce the luminous material have associated with them a lens, a reflector, a dark envelope, and a nerve which brings the command to "light up." Thus the luminous organ of many a fish is very like an eye, though there is obviously a great difference between producing light and perceiving it.

But let us keep to the Banda fishes. The investigator could not demonstrate luciferin and luciferase, but under the microscope he found innumerable motile bacteria, and the suspicion arose in his mind that they were the cause of the light! For it is well known that there are various luminescent bacteria, such as those which make dead fishes "shine in the dark." Professor Newton Harvey then found that, if the organ was dried and moistened again, it gave only a faint light, which is also true of luminous bacteria; whereas the luminous organs of most animals can be dried without much loss of their light-producing power when re-moistened. Again, the light was extinguished without a preliminary flash by the addition of fresh water, which is likewise true of luminous bacteria. Poisons that put out the light of luminous bacteria had a similar effect on the light-organs of the fishes in question. So the suspicion grew into a hypothesis: that the light-organ of the Banda fishes is an incubator for the growth and nourishment of luminous bacteria living in partnership with the animal.

Why, it may be asked, did not the investigator discover there and then whether the bacteria were the agents in producing the light? But he could not isolate them within the organ, and when he got them to grow by themselves in a jelly culture, they gave

forth no light. This may mean that the hypothesis is wrong and that the light is produced by the living cells of the fish. Or it may mean that the bacteria will not light up except in certain surroundings and with certain food-supplies. It may be that they are not happy, so to speak, when the partnership is dissolved. Further experiments will answer this question.

The case of the Banda fishes makes one ask whether there are many cases of luminescence due or probably due to partner-bacteria, and much information on this subject has been recently made available by Professor Buchner in his great book on "Symbiosis"—that is to say, the living together of two kinds of creatures in mutually beneficial internal partnership. The theory that the luminescence of an active animal might be due not to its own laboratories, but to the intense life of partner-bacteria, is not a new idea, but it has been usually regarded as having a very restricted application. Recently, however,

and yet we know in the case of diseases that the activity of bacteria may vary according to their vital "soil" and at different periods. Luminous bacteria give out light continuously, whereas the animal light seems often to be interrupted; but it is possible that the apparent discontinuity is merely a contrast between very dim and very intense luminosity. Finally, in the cells of the insect's luminous organ there are crowds of granulations, but the supporters of the new theory declare that these are the partner-bacteria. What is needed is a culture of the alleged partners away from their insect host, and evidence that light can be produced under these conditions.

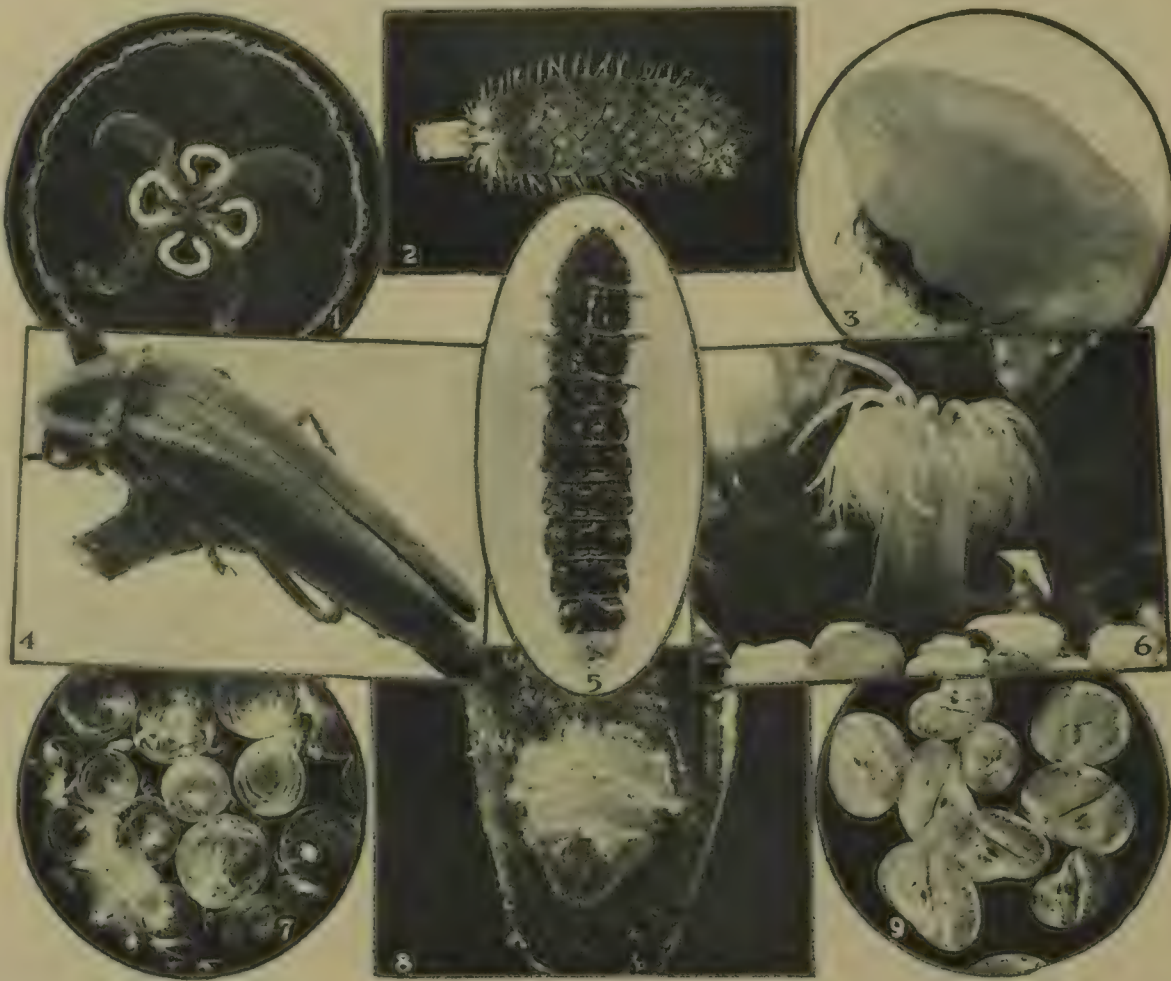
One of the most astonishing animals of the sea is the Fire-Flame, or Pyrosome, a tubular colony of pelagic Tunicates, brilliantly "phosphorescent" with greenish-blue light or with changing colours. The colony may be as long as one's arm, and a big one will light up a dark room so that the furniture can be seen. A common size is the length of one's hand.

The wonderful light is discontinuous, and the lighting-up seems to require a stimulus, such as a touch or a splash from a wave. When the Fire-Flame is kept in an aquarium, it is brilliant for a time, and then the light fails. Both these facts seem to be against the bacterial theory of the luminescence. When a Fire-Flame is carefully examined, it is seen to be a tubular colony of thousands of individuals, and each individual has two luminous organs or spots like little jewels. In the cells of these small spots there are rod-like and horse-shoe-shaped corpuscles of very minute size; and here the divergence of opinion again arises, for, while the old view regards the corpuscles as belonging to the Pyrosome itself, the new view interprets them as luminous partner-bacteria.

The luminous organs of Fire-Flames are simple spots, but in many cuttlefishes they are very complex structures. They may include a lens, a reflector, a dark envelope, and a central mass of light-producing cells. Inside these cells, according to Pierantoni, there are myriads of bacteria, sometimes hunting in couples. Moreover, in many females there are "nidamental"

organs, usually regarded as having to do with the making of the egg-shells, and these, according to Pierantoni, are crowded with the bacteria. It almost looks as if they were organs for incubating the partner-bacteria. As to the presence of the bacteria there is no doubt; but the evidence that they produce the light does not appear to us to be convincing. And it is difficult, surely, to think out the evolution of an eye-like structure around a horde of tamed intruders.

Professor Buchner is satisfied with the evidence that the luminescence of Fire-Flies, Fire-Flames, and Cuttlefishes—three very diverse types—is due to luminous bacteria which have established a partnership or symbiosis with the animals. More than that, he thinks it is time to ask whether any multicellular animal produces its own light! Perhaps theirs is always a borrowed splendour after all! Theories of the uses of the light abound, and some of them may be true. It may be useful for sex-signalling or for kin-recognition; it may be a lure, or a lamp, or a snare; or it may be but the by-product of a symbiosis whose significance has nothing to do with light at all. How little we know!



LIVING LAMPS: LIGHT-PRODUCING SEA CREATURES AND INSECTS.

It should be explained that Professor Thomson's article was not written in reference to these photographs. They illustrated an article by William Crowder on luminous insects and sea life, in the "Scientific American" (of July 23, 1921), which described them as follows: "(1) Aurelia, a phosphorescent jelly-fish; (2) Polynoe, a marine worm covered with scales that glow with a brilliant blue light when the creature is disturbed; shown with proboscis extended for seizing prey; (3) Cyanea, a jelly-fish, a common cause of luminous flashes in the sea; (4) Photuris, the common fire-fly; (5) The glow-worm—not a worm, but the larval form of the lampyrid beetle photinus, a common fire-fly; (6) Sagartia, the white sea-anemone, erroneously believed to be phosphorescent. Its luminosity is due to the ingested phosphorescent organisms which it captures with its flower-like tentacles; (7) Noctilucas, microscopic animals (greatly magnified) which cause the phosphorescence of the sea; (8) The lantern of the fire-fly; (9) Luminous scales of the sea-worm polynoe."

By Courtesy of the "Scientific American."

numerous instances have been observed similar to that of the Banda fishes, which indicate more or less convincingly that luminescence is another pie in which bacteria have their finger.

In two families of beetles, the fire-flies and the Pyrophores, there is brilliant luminescence, which often seems to be used in love-signalling between the sexes; and the generally accepted view has been that under nervous stimulation a ferment like luciferase produces or accelerates oxidation in a luciferin, with light as the result. In some cases the light-production is very definitely localised—for instance, in two eye-like lamps on the thorax of the large "Cucujo" of tropical America. It is a remarkable fact that the eggs and grubs are luminescent as well as the adult; the torch is handed on from generation to generation. But this is not unlike bacterial infection. The luminous organ may be reduced to powder and shaken up in water; what passes through filter-paper is still luminescent for a while. But this is again suggestive of bacteria, and so is the frequently observed continuation of the light after the death of the insect. The light is often unequal in the two sexes and at different times, which is against the bacterial theory;

MOTORING ACROSS THE SAHARA: "CATERPILLARS" IN THE DESERT.



"SHIPS OF THE DESERT" OLD AND NEW: CAMELS AND CITROEN CARS HALTED AT THE WELL OF HASSI DJEMEL.



THE STARTING-POINT OF A 2000-MILE MOTOR TRIP ACROSS THE SAHARA: CITROEN CARS AT TUGURT—AWAITING THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF ALGERIA.



LOADED WITH SUPPLIES FOR AN ADVENTURE THROUGH THE TRACKLESS DESERT: ONE OF THE CARS, WITH ADMIRING ARAB CHILDREN.



SHOWING (ON THE LEFT) THE FIVE CITROEN CARS USED FOR THE PERILOUS JOURNEY: TUGURT EN FÊTE FOR THE START.



FITTED WITH "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS OF SPECIAL TYPE FOR DESERT WORK: THE CARS LEAVING THE GATES OF BORDJ.

A French expedition of five Citroën cars, fitted with special "caterpillar" traction for crossing sand, recently set out on an adventurous journey of nearly 2000 miles across the Sahara, from Tugurt, the terminus of the South Algerian Railway, to Timbuctoo. The party was led by M. G. M. Haardt, manager of the Citroën works, and M. L. Audouin-Dubreuil, formerly a military airman. It included also Lieutenant Estienne, representing the French Air Ministry, and M. Paul Castelnau, a scientific observer and cinematographer. The first day's journey was

completed on December 17, when the cars travelled 100 miles from Tugurt to Wargla. The next stage was 220 miles to Inifel. The programme of the whole trip allowed six days from Tugurt to Insalah, eight days from Insalah to Tin-Sawaten, and six days from thence to Timbuctoo. For 812 miles of the route there were no supply depots, and the cars had to depend on their own resources. They carried supplies of food and petrol sufficient for about 940 miles. Further photographs of the expedition are given on a double-page.

CROSSING THE DESERT ON "CATERPILLARS":



"THE BLACK ROCKS SHOW THEIR TEETH, EVEN IN THE PLAINS": CITROËN CARS, WELL-LADEN WITH SUPPLIES, AND FITTED WITH "CATERPILLAR" TRACTION, IN TYPICAL SAHARA COUNTRY ON THEIR WAY TO TIMBUCTOO.



"THE SHIFTING SANDS IN DRIFTS AND BEDS OFTEN MOST TREACHEROUS . . . LIKE WIND-BLOWN SNOW ON A ROCKY SLOPE": "CATERPILLAR" CITROËN CARS AMONG THE ROLLING SAND DUNES OF THE SAHARA, NEAR INFEL.

A wireless message of December 22 from the Citroën Trans-Sahara Expedition said: "The Mission has arrived at Insalah, the oasis of the centre of the Desert, in two long and very hard stages of over 450 kilometres (about 280 miles). From Hassi Inifel the Mission traversed the Tardanal upland, covered with stones and cut with deep crevices, amid a country of great desolation, afterwards descending by the sinister gorges of Ain Guettara towards the immens sandy plains of Tidikelt, the region of the Great Mirages. On the arrival of the Mission at Insalah, the entire population went to meet it, carrying palm branches, and escorted by Arab horsemen and Meharistes firing a salute. The Mission effected its entrance into Bordj, at the gate of which place it was met by Captain de Saint Martin, who was surrounded by his officers and the local Caid." The Sahara has been described as "a rugged country scored by ravines, barred

THE CITROËN EXPEDITION ACROSS THE SAHARA.



AT A POINT WHERE THE ROCKS HAVE EMERGED FROM THE SEA OF SAND: ONE OF THE CITROËN CARS ON A VERY ROUGH STRETCH OF GROUND IN THE SAHARA, ON THE PLATEAU OF TADEMAIT, APPROACHING INSALAH.



A SAHARAN WARRIOR WELCOMES THE MODERN INTRUDERS ON HIS DESERT DOMAIN: A MEETING WITH A MEHARISTE, SUCH AS THOSE WHO FIRED A SALUTE WHEN THE CARS REACHED INSALAH.

with mountains, and the black rocks show their teeth even in the plains. The shifting sands lie in drifts and beds often most treacherous, like wind-blown snow on a rocky slope." To cross over 1600 miles of such country is a tremendous test of car-efficiency. The cars used had the standard 10-h.p. engines of the popular Citroën touring four-caster, with a special gear-box, and ribbed "caterpillar" traction of canvas and rubber which had been tested on loose sand. The commander of troops at Insalah reported that he had been attacked by a band of Raghat, who had been driven off in the direction the Citroën cars would take. They started south at dawn on Christmas Eve, making for Tagmunt. They would traverse the natural amphitheatre of Arak, where Major Vuillemin, the airman, landed in 1920. On Boxing Day they reached the Hoggar Mountains, and then entered the hardest stage, the Tanzeruft, or "region of thirst."

THE PASTEUR CENTENARY: A MIGHTIER VICTOR THAN NAPOLEON.



A HOLY PLACE OF SCIENCE: THE TOMB OF PASTEUR, IN THE CRYPT OF THE INSTITUT PASTEUR IN PARIS.

The centenary of the birth of Louis Pasteur, the great French scientist (of whom a portrait is given on "Our Note-Book" page) occurred on December 27. The whole world joins with France in honouring his memory, for the benefits which he conferred on humanity have been incalculable. He is best remembered, no doubt, by the victory over hydrophobia, which was the crown of his career. It was, however, only one of the many results of his great discovery of the unsuspected world of germs, or bacteria, the "infinitely small" but deadly foes of mankind, and his destruction of the fallacy of spontaneous generation. The discovery was

made during his studies of fermentation, which proved of immense value to the wine trade. Next he applied his method to the silk industry, which he saved from the ravages of disease. Then he found the bacillus of anthrax, and devised a preventive vaccine, which saved countless flocks and herds—an enormous boon to agriculture. The conquest of rabies was effected in the same way. Lister thanked Pasteur for his researches which made possible antiseptic surgery. The architect of his tomb was Charles Girault; the paintings are by Luc Olivier Merson, and mosaics by Guilbert Martin. Inscribed on the walls are records of Pasteur's scientific achievements.

THE "FESTIVE" SEASON AT SEA: A "TRAMP" IN WINTRY WEATHER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK H. MASON. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



WINTER WITH THE MERCHANT SERVICE: A CARGO-STEAMER DEEPLY LADEN AND AWASH IN A STORMY SEA.

While the landsman was keeping Christmas in warmth and comfort, those at sea endured exceptional hardship and peril. Heavy gales were raging all round the British coast during the holiday season, and several shipping disasters were reported. The steamer "Maid of Delos," bound from Braila to Belfast, was believed to have foundered with all hands (a crew of 26) off the Welsh coast. Small cargo-boats

of this type were the worst sufferers; but even big liners, like the "Celtic" and the "Carmania," were damaged by the violence of the storm. The above picture is typical of the severe conditions under which, in winter, "tramp" steamers carry on the work of supplying this country with produce from abroad. It serves as a reminder of the debt of gratitude we owe to the men of the merchant service.

IN THE "SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS" OF THE ALPINE FAIRYLAND: SKI-ING—THE MOST ADVENTUROUS OF WINTER SPORTS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES FEARNS, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)



REVELLING IN THE FREEDOM OF THE SNOWS: A PARTY OF SKI-ERS WANDERING AT WILL AMONG THE SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND.

Ski-ing is, in the opinion of many, the finest form of winter sport, as it is certainly the most varied and adventurous. While the skater and the curler are restricted to the rink or the frozen lake, and the tobogganer generally to the prescribed run, the ski-er enjoys the freedom of the snows, and, if he desires a hazardous thrill, can obtain one of the most sensational by ski-jumping. "There is at the command of the ski-er," writes Mr. E. F. Benson, in his fascinating book, "Winter Sports in Switzerland," "a greater expanse of conquerable territory. Not only has he his figures, so to speak, to cut on the snow-fields, his Telemark and Christiania swings, and his stemming turns . . . but he has his travel over the snows for travel's sake: he is an artist in climbing, and the whole

horizon (omitting such mountain peaks as the Matterhorn or the Aiguilles) is part of his rink, which reaches, broadly speaking, wherever there is snow. And some part of his rink, however bad the weather, is pretty certain to be in order. . . . Consider, also, the infinite variety of his tumbles. His falls are more complicated, have more pleasing uncertainty about them, than those which any skater can indulge in. Also, they hurt far less." Ski-ing is a sociable sport, nor does it lack the spice of danger. "Any steep slope may result in a tumble, and any tumble may result in an incapacity to move. Therefore, without any exception, a ski-er, however skilful, should never go alone on any expedition that takes him away from frequented paths."

"FIGHTING THEIR BATTLES O'ER AGAIN": BLACKCOCK IN WINTER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. E. LODGE, MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



OFTEN RUFFLING UP THEIR PLUMAGE AND SPREADING OUT THEIR TAILS IN A MENACING MANNER, AS THOUGH RECALLING THE FIGHTS OF THE MATING SEASON: THE GREGARIOUS BLACKCOCK—AN EVENING FEED.

"The blackcock," writes Mr. G. E. Lodge, in a note on his picture, "like the capercaillie and the pheasant, is polygamous, and becomes the lord of several wives. This being the case, he takes no further notice of his wives when they have finished the duty of laying their eggs and have begun to incubate them. The blackcocks then, being generally of a gregarious disposition, often keep together in small parties

at this time, leaving the hens (greyhens) solely responsible for the upbringing of the families when they are hatched out. While these small parties are feeding on the hillside, one or two of them will frequently ruffle up their plumage and spread out their tails in a menacing manner, just as if they had a sort of pleasant, subconscious memory of the old fighting days in the early spring."

Apoplectic Speed! A Record of the Road.

"THE COACHING ERA." By VIOLET A. WILSON.*

THE Underground, exploiter-in-chief of the intimate poster, should find unrivalled inspiration in "The Coaching Era." A few elegant extracts as to the discomfort of travel in overground days, and the trick would be done: stiff-armed strap-hangers would see pleasure in their lot, and the crude "Pass down the car; 'urry up, nah!" would be no more raucous than a lullaby! Think of the soothing satisfaction of the hustled passenger on reading: "Walter Rippon made the first hollow turning coach for Queen Elizabeth, but his invention did not advance him much in her favour, for she was so knocked about in it during her first drive that she refused ever to use it again. . . . The early coaches, gorgeous with cloth of gold, embellished with wonderful carvings, adorned with ostrich plumes, were outwardly everything that was magnificent and regal, but agonising to drive in. Being utterly destitute of springs, they pitched and rolled in an alarming manner over the rough roads, so that it is no wonder that, when giving audience to the French Ambassador, Elizabeth complained that she was 'suffering aching pains in consequence of having been knocked about in a coach which had been driven a little too fast only a few days before.'"

Seriously, the wayfarers of old had a strenuous time of it. When they were sufficiently well-to-do to dispense with Shanks' mare, they went on horse-back over the muddy tracks: "then a hardy race, equipped in Jack-boots and trousers up to their middle, rode fast through thick and thin, and guarded against the mire, defying the frequent stumbles and falls, arose and pursued their journey with alacrity." Any conveyance such as the coach was dubbed effeminate.

The sixteenth century, however, "saw the establishment of private coaches, the seventeenth of stage-coaches, the eighteenth of mail-coaches." Gradually, the new vehicle came into use—first for the fashionable; then for the general. Passengers had much to face.

Until MacAdam revolutionised their surfaces, and, as "mac of all macs," had made roads "we ne'er tire on," the highways were farcically, even tragically, bad. "Such was the tenacity of the mud that, during the Civil War, the Parliamentarians captured 800 horse, not in battle, after a full, fair fight, but 'while sticking in the mire.' Dr. Burton opined that the reason Sussex women, oxen and swine, were all long-legged, arose from the necessity of forcibly pulling their feet out of the mud with every step they took!" The neighbourhood of London was just as unpleasant. In 1736, even, Lord Hervey, writing from Kensington, complained: "The road between this place and London is grown so infamously bad that we live here in the same solitude as we would do if cast on a rock in the middle of the ocean; and all the Londoners tell us that there is between them and us an impassable gulf of mud." All, according to season, was dust and ruts, mud and flood, or snow and ice. Spills were frequent; jerks and jostlings the common lot.

Add the risks of weather, days and nights when no heaping on of coats and shawls would conquer numbness; the suffocating interiors of the summer; the chills of the winter; the cramps born of confined quarters; fraudulent inns, "strange beds," autocratic, tip-demanding coachmen and guards, and the ever-present possibility of highway robbery—and the good old days cannot be envied!

Uncongenial fellows were a curse, too—and few can have been congenial after an hour or two!—worse possibly than the passenger Lord Longford found—according to Maria Edgeworth: "Getting into a coach one night, he dozed comfortably till morning, when, to his consternation, he discovered that the other

occupant, he had supposed a gentleman in a fur coat, was in fact a live bear."

Time-tables under such conditions became absurdities; and the contractor was always careful to add: "If God Permit," or "If Roads are Good." Three or four miles an hour was the average speed at the beginning, although "Our horses with the coach which we went into Did hurry us amaine, through thick and thin, too; With fiery speed, the foaming bit they champt on, And brought us to the Dolphin at Southampton." In 1700 "it took a week to get from London to York; whilst Exeter was five days' journey, and Salisbury two." Four years later, the Edinburgh coach, which allowed ten

when hills were stiff or the way was especially difficult. "First Class passengers (inside) keep your seats; Second Class passengers (in the Basket) get out and walk; Third Class passengers (on the roof) get down and push behind."

Then came the arrogant mail coach to set a new standard—on macadamised roads. "Haste, post-haste, haste with all diligence. For thy life, for thy life"—the mark of urgency set on official letters in Tudor times—had failed of its object, and, when our postal arrangements in this country were as slack as they could be, John Palmer, manager of the Bath and Bristol theatres, realising the potentialities of the stage-coaches as letter-carriers, drew up his "Plan for the Reform and Improvement of the General Post Office," and presented it to Pitt, then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Pitt saw the value of the idea, and, in 1784, the first mail diligence came into being. It ran between Bristol and London, and its success was great.

Everything was done to ensure speed and punctuality. Coaches were improved from year to year, and they had precedence on the road. "A toll-keeper was bound to have the gate open for the mail to go through; if he neglected to do so, he was liable to a fine of 40s. Should he attempt to delay its passage in any way, he could be fined £5, whilst for a like offence an innkeeper was deprived of his licence. An attempt at robbery entailed the sentence of transportation for life, and punishments in proportion were provided for carriers and other users of the road who did not instantly 'give the road' to the mails." Thus aided, the Edinburgh mail, for example, did its 400 miles in forty hours. "The public looked on and were staggered. It was the awful velocity that alarmed them, and Lord Campbell says: 'This swift travelling was considered dangerous as well as wonderful, and

I was gravely advised to stay a day at York, as several passengers who had gone through without stopping died of apoplexy from the rapidity of the motion.'"

Nevertheless, speed became an obsession, especially when news was being carried, when rivals were to be raced, and when "bloods" were driving. Unhappy "fares" were jolted and jeopardised, pedestrians were duly shocked—then came steam traction and more "milestones." The coachmen especially thought the new transit a joke, and the popular humourists waxed merrily sarcastic. "Instead of calling as now for fresh horses at a post town," wrote one of them, "we shall have only to call for a fresh scuttle of coals. Our coachmen will flourish huge pokers instead of long whips. A very steep hill which would require an extra pair of nags will then be met with the assistance of an extra pair of bellows; and as no thief would touch a steam coach for fear of burning his fingers, the guard to prevent accidents will carry a wet mop rather than a pistol." And so on.

Thus the author in her anecdote, and very instructive and amusing she is. Lovers of the road and of the "good old days" will rejoice in the fruit of her labours. Her book is one to read and re-read. And, incidentally, without referring to that present-day obsession, she suggests the origin of "Beaver"! Writing of the times of Dr. Johnson, she describes the Road Game as played by the passengers in coaches: "This game enjoyed great popularity, for it served to while away

the time, and gave sporting characters a chance to bet. One player took the right side of the road, the other the left; dogs, pigs, cats, sheep, magpies, donkeys, and various other things likely to be met with had their relative number of points, the game being played till one of the competitors scored a hundred, or whatever number had been previously settled on."

E. H. G.



THE BIRTH OF THE RAILWAY: THE LAST OF THE COACHES.

From a Lithograph in the Possession of Mr. John Lane. Reproduced from "The Coaching Era" by Courtesy of Mr. Lane.

days in summer and twelve in winter to get to London, announced that "for the better accommodation of its passengers, it would in future be hung on steel springs."

"Other proprietors, not willing to be behind the times, proceeded to increase their speed to five miles an hour, and in consequence dubbed their coaches flying-coaches, or even flying-machines, the newspapers containing such announcements as 'The Gloucester flying-machine on steel springs, begins flying next Monday for the summer season.' . . . The



"IN THE MOST PLEASANT AND AGREEABLE STILE": A DOUBLE-BODIED COACH.

The inscription on the picture reads: "This Coach from Norwich to London by Newmarket every Day Conveys 8 Insides 4 in Each Body & 6 Outsides in the most Pleasant And Agreeable Stile of any Coach yet offer'd to the Public it Travel 98 miles in 17 hours and half Including half an hour for Supper and the time Of Changing Horses on the Different Stages the above Vehicle is at Present drove by a Coachman who has drove this and others for the Above Proprietors upwards of 19 Years without Overturning Or Any Mateiral Accident happening to any Passenger or Himself."

Original in the Possession of Messrs. Ackermann, Bond Street. Reproduced from "The Coaching Era."

flying-coaches were essentially fair-weather vehicles, and at the end of the summer they issued notices of the following description: 'The proprietors of the Stroud coach beg leave to inform their friends and the public in general, that the coach left off flying on Saturday the 14th of October instant.'" These were the days when the relative ranks of the passengers were to be gauged by the coachman's formula

* "The Coaching Era." By Violet A. Wilson; Author of "Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour." With fifteen illustrations from old pictures and prints. (John Lane; The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d. net).

RECEIVING THE "RED HAT": AN INVESTITURE OF CARDINALS AT THE VATICAN—AND THE NEW TIARA.



THE FIRST PART OF THE INVESTITURE AT THE VATICAN: NEW CARDINALS TAKING THE PRESCRIBED OATH AT THE ALTAR OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL, IN THE PRESENCE OF HIGH OFFICIALS OF THE CHURCH.



READY FOR THE "RITE OF OBEDIENCE" AND THE CEREMONY OF IMPOSITION: POPE PIUS XI. ON THE PAPAL THRONE IN THE HALL OF BENEDICTION—SHOWING TWO LARGE OSTRICH-FEATHER FANS CARRIED BY ATTENDANTS.



"ACCIPE GALERUM RUBRUM": THE POPE PLACING THE RED HAT ON THE HEAD OF CARDINAL TOUCHET, BISHOP OF ORLEANS, WHILE CARDINAL CHAROST, ARCHBISHOP OF RENNES (RIGHT FOREGROUND) AWAITS HIS TURN.



AFTER THE INVESTITURE: THE PRESENTATION TO THE POPE OF THE NEW TIARA FROM MILAN, HIS FORMER DIOCESE—SHOWING MONSIGNOR GHEZZI (ON THE STEPS) HOLDING IT FOR CARDINAL TOSI TO PRESENT.

Pope Pius XI. held his first Public Consistory at the Vatican on December 14, when he invested eight new Cardinals. They were Cardinals Locatelli (Apostolic Nuncio at Lisbon); Bonzano (Delegate at Washington); Tosi (Archbishop of Milan); Reig y Casanova (Archbishop of Toledo); Charest (Archbishop of Rennes); Touchet (Bishop of Orleans since 1894, and collector of the evidence which led to the canonisation of St. Joan of Arc); Mori (an eminent ecclesiastical jurist, of the Sacred Congregation of the Council); and Ehrle (a learned Jesuit and Church historian, Prefect of the Vatican Library). Major L. Monreal, who sent the above photographs, writes: "At 9 a.m., the new Cardinals assembled in the Sistine Chapel to take the prescribed oath. . . . The Pope was carried into the Hall of Benediction, on the 'Sedia gestatoria,' wearing his sacred vestments and the mitre, and escorted by the Papal and Swiss Guards, the Knights of Malta, and the Holy Sepulchre, the Knights of the 'Cappa e Spada,' and a number of Cardinals. . . . His Holiness took his seat on the Papal throne. . . . The

new Cardinals were conducted into the Hall by the 'Cardinali diaconi,' and, after performing the 'rite of obedience'—that is, kissing first the toe, then the hand, and, finally, the face of the Pope, who embraced them—filed past, and embraced the old Cardinals. Then came the most important part of the ceremony: the investiture with the 'red hat.' The procedure is as follows: The 'Cameriere Segreto Guardaroba,' Monsignor Caffori, hands over the red hat to one of the 'Cardinali Diaconi,' who holds it at the sides. Then the Pope, taking hold of the hat at the centre of the brim, puts it on the head of the new Cardinal, reciting the words: 'Accipe Galerum rubrum' ('Accept the red hat'). After the ceremony, the Pope was officially presented with the new tiara, a gift of the Milanese, by Cardinal Tosi, Archbishop of Milan, the Pope's former diocese. The tiara itself, a magnificent triple crown set with 1000 diamonds and other jewels, was illustrated in our issue of December 2.

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

ASPECTS OF 1922 AND PROSPECTS OF 1923.

THE year of the theatre can be summarised in the same way as the year of politics and economics. It was a year of sanitation. We have changed the régime: the plays of 1922 were, on the whole, infinitely superior to those of its two predecessors. We have applied the axe—at any rate, in one way: bad plays have been candidly condemned, and many were the short runs well deserved. It is a pity that we cannot boast of having "axed" the rents, but that, too, is only a question of time. We have enjoyed excellent acting; and, if we are still in quest of great actresses, it is pleasant to recall that some have added greatly to their reputation—Madge Titheradge, for instance, and Sybil Thorndike, Meggie Albanesi and Fay Compton, Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Isobel Elsom, just to pick a few salient examples—and that some have sprung from comparative obscurity into the light. I refer to Marie Ault, Louise Hampton, and the new Cleopatra at the Old Vic, Esther Whitehouse. It is hardly necessary to name the many men who have made good in 1922; more than ever have they proved that our stage is second to none, I would say *facile princeps*, as far as its male equipage is concerned; and I was glad to find that M. Récouly, in his brilliant articles in the *Morning Post* (which everybody should read to learn the Frenchman's point of view), pays an enthusiastic tribute to our actors:

I would here interpolate a word about producers. Slowly but gradually the public begins to understand the value of the "hidden hand," and to speak of the producer with the same appreciation as of the actor; criticism, too, devotes more attention to the man who often enough is the inspiring force in the wings. Already we have producers of the first rank, and one of them has remained in the background of his Devon retreat: we all hope that Granville Barker will soon be in active service again, and that when the

with knowledge, insight, and an eye for colour and rhythm. Nor should Basil Dean be blamed for the pageant of spectres in "Will Shakespeare" which failed to impress the critics and public alike—that was, according to him, found wanting at the dress-rehearsal, but retained by ordainment of the authoress.

scored as a controversialist with his book, "My Dear Wells." His desk is full of plays, I hear, and there are rumours of his welcome return to the arena. R. C. Carton's comedy at the Comedy proved that his deftness of touch is unimpaired, and, as I write, a new play of his is being tried at York by Mr. Percy Hutchison. J. B. Fagan scored with "The Wheel," and again with "Treasure Island"; and Alfred Sutro gave us a delicious comedy *à la Parisienne* in "The Laughing Lady," and a not so successful business play, "The Great Well." The phenomenal vogue of "Tons of Money," capital farce, deserves a word in record, as does Mr. Milne's "Dover Road," which in quality of dialogue vies with Sutro's; and Besier's and May Edington's "Secrets"—another "Milestones" of a more sentimental if less dexterous kind. The many societies which compete with the Stage Society as *théâtres à côté*, the Play Actors, the Repertory, etc., produced many a play of note, and some that graduated to the evening bill. But the find of the year was Munro's "Rumour," which revealed a new author of as yet exuberant prolixity, but with an infinite fund of thought and human insight.

And so I could go on picking names from the bunch to prove my diagnosis of the year 1922, which is that we are gently progressive; that our horizon is widening—have not "The Cenci" and "Waste" been licensed?—that there is activity in the camp; that bed-room scenes are at a discount, and plays of reality (which is another thing than mere realism) are on the ascent; that romance is thriving—look at "The Decameron Nights," "East of Suez," "Dear Brutus"—that we are returning to the hopeful pre-war days, when the young generation hammered at the door and found ready access. For let us dispel this fallacy—that we have no homegrown plays of quality. The plays are there right enough, if the



GAY'S SEQUEL TO "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA," BANNED IN HIS LIFETIME: "POLLY," AT THE KINGSWAY—MR. E. THORNLEY-DODGE AS MR. DUCAT, WITH HIS SLAVE-GIRLS AND FOOTMEN.

John Gay himself never saw "Polly" staged, as it was banned on political grounds by the Lord Chamberlain. It forms a sequel to his more famous play, "The Beggar's Opera," first seen in 1728, the revival of which has run at Hammersmith since June 5, 1920. "Polly" was produced by Mr. Nigel Playfair at the Kingsway Theatre, on December 30 last. In the above photograph Mr. Ducat's slave-girls and footmen are begging his protection from the pirates whose arrival has just been announced.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

Dean has a quality and an ambition which I would commend to all his *confrères* in production. He casts his eye beyond the Channel. He flits now across the Atlantic, now northward, now to Germany and Austria, and like a busy bee he sucks the honeysuckle to the last drop. I am not going to divulge secrets, but I can prophesy that, when Dean begins his matinée season of new plays at the St. Martin's, he will introduce a new system of scenery and lighting which will revolutionise the whole method of production and—I may add with some pride—*The Illustrated London News*, in its "World of the Theatre," was the only organ in the kingdom which, as long as a year ago, heralded the new invention, and explained how at Dresden, in Saxony, a *régisieur* named Hasait had found ways and means to create scenery by rays of light instead of the scene-painter.

Coming to the plays of the year, and quoting from memory, the paramount name is Galsworthy. He had no fewer than three new works to his credit, to say nothing of his "cycle," when "Justice," "The Pigeon," and "The Silver Box" were revived. I have fully appreciated "Loyalties" in these columns, and still consider it his finest dramatic effort, ranking with "The Silver Box." Of the other two plays, I need only name "Windows," which came in the midst of the great theatrical slump of last spring, and had less success than it deserved. It was, perhaps, not Galsworthy at his best, but at his boldest. It baffled the audience; it was, perhaps, in advance of its time; and, strange to say, it was a triumph in Belgium, whither we carried it, whereas in London it barely achieved a *succès d'estime*. Pinero, our premier dramatist,

was unlucky in his "Cottage" play, which shared the fate of "Windows" in that it was only appreciated by the minority; but he had his *revanche* in the brilliant revival of "Mid-Channel," and in the no less fascinating third blooming of the ever-fragrant "Sweet Lavender." Our Henry Arthur Jones sat on the fence as far as the stage was concerned, but

managers would but read them as assiduously as they tackle American plays irrespective of quality—save the one of the box-office. There is overwhelming evidence that sterility is out of the question, and that there must be much light under the bushel. Let us hope and pray that 1923 will prove a year of illumination!



THE SECOND STAGE REPRESENTATIVE OF PEACHUM'S PRETTY DAUGHTER NOW APPEARING: MISS LILIAN DAVIES IN THE NAME-PART OF "POLLY."

Polly Peachum has now two stage representatives in London—Miss Sylvia Nellis in "The Beggar's Opera," and Miss Lilian Davies in its sequel, "Polly," at the Kingsway Theatre.

time comes to cycle his plays he will be the man at the helm. If I were to assign the leading place among those whose producing talents stand out in prominence, I would name Basil Dean. He has in 1922 done three great things—"Will Shakespeare," "Loyalties," "East of Suez." All three were significant in their variety of milieu; all three were planned



THE HIGHWAYMAN OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" TURNED PIRATE: MR. PITT CHATHAM AS MACHEATH (ALIAS MORANO) IN "POLLY."

Captain Macheath, reprieved in "The Beggar's Opera," reappears in "Polly" as a convict transported to America and turned pirate. Here he is singing of his old sweetheart.

managers would but read them as assiduously as they tackle American plays irrespective of quality—save the one of the box-office. There is overwhelming evidence that sterility is out of the question, and that there must be much light under the bushel. Let us hope and pray that 1923 will prove a year of illumination!

FROM NEWGATE TO THE WEST INDIES: "POLLY" AT THE KINGSWAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO CO., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



PAIRED OFF IN THE FINAL SCENE: POLLY (MISS LILIAN DAVIES) AND MACHEATH (MR. PITT CHATHAM), UNDER THE UMBRELLA IN THE CENTRE.



THE LOVERS OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" REUNITED IN ITS SEQUEL: "POLLY AND MACHEATH IN "POLLY."



POLLY BEGS MRS. DUCAT (MISS WINIFRED HARE) TO HELP HER IN ESCAPING THE AMOROUS ATTENTIONS OF MR. DUCAT: A PIQUANT SITUATION.



THE PIRATES OF "POLLY": MACHEATH (CENTRE) WITH JENNY DIVER (MISS ADRIENNE BRUNE) SITTING IN FRONT.



DISGUISED AND NOT RECOGNISING EACH OTHER: POLLY AS A LIEUTENANT OF MILITIA AND MACHEATH AS PIRATE CHIEF.



COMIC OPERA WARFARE: THE BATTLE SCENE BETWEEN RED INDIANS AND PIRATES—VANDERBLUFF (MR. PERCY PARSONS) IN CENTRE BACKGROUND, WITH RAISED CUTLASS.

Mr. Nigel Playfair's production of "Polly"—Gay's sequel to his more famous play, "The Beggar's Opera"—was hailed with immense enthusiasm at the Kingsway Theatre on December 30. The highwayman hero of the former piece, Captain Macheath, after being transported to America, has become the leader of a gang of pirates, with Jenny Diver as companion and a jovial lieutenant named Vanderbluff. Polly follows her lover, Macheath, to the West Indies, and after a comic stage battle between the pirates and Red Indians there is a scene of reconciliation in which the lovers are reunited, while other leading characters are likewise paired off, as shown in the top left-hand photograph. The seven figures in

front in the middle are, from left to right, Mr. Percy Parsons (raising both hands), as Vanderbluff, Macheath's piratical lieutenant; Miss Adrienne Brune as Jenny Diver; Mr. Pitt Chatham as Macheath, *alias* the pirate chief Morano; Miss Lilian Davies as Polly; Miss Winifred Hare as Mrs. Ducat; Mr. E. Thornley Dodge as Mr. Ducat, a West Indian planter; and Miss Muriel Terry as Mrs. Trapes, who brings to the West Indies an "academy of song and dance." The book was adapted by Mr. Clifford Bax, and the music by Mr. Frederic Austin. Mr. Eugene Goossens conducted. The island scene of cactus and bamboo was designed by Mr. William Nicholson.



DIGGING SACRED SOIL: RESEARCH IN PALESTINE.—V.



By Professor John Garstang, D.Sc., B.Litt., F.S.A., of Liverpool University, Director of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem, and Director of the Department of Antiquities for Palestine.

[In this series of illustrated articles, the first four of which appeared in our issues of December 2, 9, 23, and 30, Professor Garstang gives an authoritative account of historical research and the protection of ancient remains in the Holy Land under the British régime.]

THE Great Cloister of Askalon, described in last week's issue, is in several respects unique among the Roman monuments of Palestine hitherto disclosed. Perfect colonnades of the Corinthian order are to be seen at Bethlehem in the Church of

compared with the discoveries at Askalon, suggests that the building must be attributed equally to the period of Herod the Great.

Beyond the Senate House at Samaria, other columns and remains seem to indicate a Forum (Fig. 5) to which an avenue of columns led directly from the main entrance. Many of these columns are still standing, protruding from the soil which has accumulated round them, so that the avenue can be traced from end to end. As at Jerash, beyond the River Jordan, and in other great Roman cities, this

avenue marks, in fact, the *via principalis*, or chief street. It leads by a central route, with two bends, around the shoulder of the hill upon which the city stood, and finally emerges in the fine gateway seen in Fig. 3. The circular flanking towers of this gateway are presumably work of a later age, probably the Byzantine epoch. Those of the period of Herod are probably the square foundations upon which the later ones were rebuilt. Roman military architecture in the West, at any rate, maintained the system of square flanking towers until the middle

south), with a length from east to west which exceeds that figure. The circuit of the walls is nearly three miles; the Herodian walls themselves were ten feet in thickness. On the lower terrace to the north-east the remains of a large stadium or race-course are conspicuous, the indications being again a series of columns rising from the soil and the general contour of the ground. On a higher terrace to the east, there are the remains of the Crusaders' Church of St. John, with tower and episcopal palace adjoining. Below this are further vaulted galleries divided into modern dwellings. A walk through the area discloses traces of antiquity on every side. Special care is being taken of this historic site, and it is pleasant to learn that the University of Harvard proposes shortly to resume its interrupted researches.

Though evidently Samaria was a city of great importance, fair to behold in the Roman epoch, and the most impressive monument of the age that has survived, yet it was not the chief Roman town of Palestine. This was at Cæsarea, some twenty miles to the west, upon the coast of the Mediterranean. The development of this seaport was again due in great measure to the initiative of Herod the Great, who likewise renamed this city in honour of his Emperor. Cæsarea became the official residence of the Roman Governors. Its walls, like those of Askalon, formed a vast half-circle, reaching two miles or more inland, and with a frontage on the sea of some three miles. Yet of the temples, towers, theatres, walls, and aqueducts for which it was famed there is now little trace; the site of the hippodrome is preserved by its form—it accommodated 20,000 spectators in its day—and fragments of masonry, foundations, and columns may be traced everywhere along the shore (Fig. 1). Every effort is being made to preserve what remains, and a local museum has been established to protect the smaller relics of local interest. Probably the greatest destruction of Roman buildings took place during the Crusades, when the mediæval town walls that can still be traced were built around a much smaller area within the former. The size of the new fortified city was 600 by 250 yards. The Roman walls were stripped and their dressed stones re-used; the columns of the temples and public buildings became the bonding stones of the Crusaders' walls (Fig. 2). It is a pitiful souvenir, and unfortunately it is only one of several examples. The fair Roman cities of Gaza and Askalon shared similar fates, and yield hardly a trace above the soil. Notwithstanding the paucity of its remains, Cæsarea has a special interest in Christian history. St. Paul, St. Philip, and St. Peter visited it,



FIG. 1.—ONCE THE ROMAN CAPITAL OF PALESTINE, NOW REDUCED TO "A PICTURESQUE BUT SLEEPY FISHING VILLAGE": THE LITTLE PORT OF CÆSAREA.

Photograph by the French School of Archaeology at Jerusalem.

the Nativity, and they are composed of columns and capitals which rival, indeed, those of Askalon in size and beauty. But they are probably of somewhat later date.

For a more exact parallel we turn to Samaria (now called Sebastiyeh), the historical site of the capital of Israel, which in Roman times developed into an imposing city of columns on a hill, by name Sebasté. This historical site abounds in monuments and associations of many ages. The Roman remains, in particular, reflect the imperial spirit and the prosperity that attended the unity and protection of Palestine under Rome's imperial wing. The situation of the place gave it first importance. Crowning a central knoll, surrounded by a circle of hills which form an almost unbroken ridge, it dominates the main high road from north to south, while commanding at the same time a chief outlet from the hilly country to the sea. Here it was that, early in the ninth century B.C., Omri, King of Israel, established the capital of the Northern Kingdom, having purchased the hill from its owner, whose name was Shemer. The city was captured by the Assyrians in 722 B.C., after a three years' siege; but in the time of the Maccabees it once more regained its importance and strength, to be reduced by the Romans, c. 107 B.C. The Emperor Augustus presented the town to Herod the Great, and it was by him that it was renamed Sebasté (which is the Greek for Augusta): it was the same ruler who was responsible for many of the fortifications and structures which have now been revealed by excavations commenced in 1908 by the University of Harvard.

Of these, Fig. 6 (on the opposite page) shows the so-called Roman "Basilica," which, though much smaller than that of Askalon, is apparently of the same period and character, whilst in much better preservation. The columns are monoliths, and the capitals are of good Corinthian style. The central space was paved and open to the sky. The ambulatory around was floored with *tesserae* and covered, forming a cloister. The whole served as an approach and forecourt to the apse seen in the photographs with its tiers of seats, which probably served as the meeting-place of the elders of the city, or Senate House. As at Askalon, while the general plan of the apsidal building suggests the more familiar *basilica*, yet the detail does not indicate a court of justice, nor does the open forecourt admit that interpretation. Though a considerable portion of the building remains to be excavated, yet its general design, as well as the detail of pedestals and capital,

of the second century, and it was not until the third or fourth century that the principle of enfiling fire was applied to the protection of fortified places and led to the construction of bastions tending to be round or semicircular in plan, and external to the line of wall.

The Harvard excavations at Samaria in 1908-9 uncovered also the summit of the hill, disclosing the remains of the successive building periods from the time of Omri and Ahab (Fig. 7) till the Roman age. Herod the Great again left the most impressive monument of the spot, traceable now as a vast ruin borne on massive vaulted foundations—all that remains of a temple he erected in honour of the Emperor Augustus. The grand stairway leading up to this is, however, comparatively well preserved (Fig. 4). At the foot there still lies the torso of a heroic statue of the Emperor; and on the lower steps the excavators found a characteristic Roman altar dedicated to Jupiter Optimus Maximus (the Best and Greatest). The structural remains of the early Israelitish periods are not easy to disentangle, having been re-used and re-interred in the works of later times; but the able excavator (Dr. Reisner) was able to distinguish such in several instances among the lower complex on the acropolis (Fig. 7).

The excavated remains at Samaria do not conclude the list of ancient monuments on this most interesting of sites. The walls of Roman date enclose not only the central spur, but a raised area of irregular form which is nearly a thousand yards across (north to



FIG. 2.—WHERE THE COLUMNS OF ROMAN TEMPLES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS WERE USED AS BONDING STONES: THE CRUSADERS' FORTIFICATIONS AT CÆSAREA.

Photograph by the British School of Archaeology at Jerusalem.

and St. Paul was a prisoner there for two years. It was the leading see in the early organisation of the Church in Palestine. Origen taught there; and Eusebius was educated there, to become afterwards its Bishop. In legend it was the site from which Baldwin I. recovered the Holy Grail, a hexagonal vase of green "crystal"; a material answering to this description is to be found along the coast. Now it is reduced to the status of a picturesque but sleepy fishing village, isolated by wastes and sand-dunes from the rest of Palestine.—(To be continued.)

A ROYAL CITY FROM AHAB TO HEROD THE GREAT: SAMARIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE BRITISH AND FRENCH SCHOOLS OF ARCHEOLOGY, AND THE AMERICAN COLONY, AT JERUSALEM. SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR GARSTANG.



FIG. 3.—FLANKED BY ROUND BASTIONS, PROBABLY BYZANTINE, ON SQUARE FOUNDATIONS ASCRIBED TO, HEROD: A ROMAN GATEWAY AT SAMARIA.



FIG. 4.—ONCE THE APPROACH TO A SPLENDID TEMPLE BUILT BY HEROD IN HONOUR OF AUGUSTUS: A GREAT STAIRWAY AT SAMARIA.



FIG. 5.—PRESENTED BY AUGUSTUS TO HEROD THE GREAT: SAMARIA, RENAMED SEBASTE (AUGUSTA) BY HEROD—REMAINS OF THE ROMAN BASILICA, WITH THE FORUM AND AVENUE OF COLUMNS BEYOND, MARKING THE CHIEF STREET OF THE CITY.



FIG. 6.—WITH TIERS OF SEATS IN THE APSE: ANOTHER VIEW (FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION) (OF THE ROMAN BASILICA AT SAMARIA (MODERN SEBASTIYEH).



FIG. 7.—DATING FROM THE NINTH CENTURY B.C.: REMAINS OF THE EARLIEST PALACE OF THE KINGS OF ISRAEL (OMRI AND AHAB) AT SAMARIA.

The early Biblical history of Samaria, to which Professor Garstang alludes in his article on the opposite page, is told in the 1st Book of Kings, Chapter 16. "In the thirty-and-first year of Asa king of Judah," we read, "began Omri to reign over Israel, twelve years: six years reigned he in Tirzah. And he bought the hill Samaria of Shemer for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city which he built, after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, Samaria. But Omri wrought evil in the eyes of the Lord. . . . So Omri

slept with his fathers, and was buried in Samaria. . . . And Ahab the son of Omri reigned over Israel in Samaria twenty-and-two years. And Ahab the son of Omri did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him. . . . And he reared up an altar for Baal, in the house of Baal, which he had built in Samaria." In the New Testament the city is associated with the parable of the Good Samaritan (St. Luke x., 33), the grateful leper (St. Luke xvii., 16), the woman of Samaria (St. John iv.), and the preaching of Philip (Acts viii.).



THE WORLD OF WOMEN



A MAN friend, writing from Mentone, is very pleased with himself. He had been there three weeks, and was then having his first wet, bad day—probably the reason for the letter! He had been once or twice to Nice and Monte Carlo—before the Christmas holidays, of course—and found those places very dull and dead, but full of "people of sorts, although by no means our sorts." No doubt this is all changed now; anyway, there was a rush of folks of light and leading to the South, before Christmas; of people, also, laying no claim to light or to lead, but bent on enjoying the sunshine and the blue sea. On the whole, it seems to me that most of our great folk spent real old-fashioned Christmases in their homes, and had trees and treats in the good old-world way. After all, there was a great deal in the old times very well worth reviving.

Mr. Arthur Leveson-Gower, who died at Christmas, was in the Diplomatic Service, one in which several members of that family have done good work. Sir J. Rennell Rodd mentions two at least of them in his "Social and Diplomatic Memories." Mr. Arthur was employed at Berlin, Constantinople, Athens, the Hague, Belgrade and Vienna. He married the youngest daughter of the late George Savile Foljambe, of Osberton, and of the late Selina Viscountess Milton, who was widow of Viscount Milton, a peerage now extinct. Mrs. Arthur Leveson-Gower died in 1895. The only son is in the Navy, and one daughter is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, and has the Royal School of Art Needlework diploma with gold seal. Another daughter worked for the soldiers and sailors in the war, and a third married Mr. Arthur Wyatt-Edgel, and is a widow. Mr. Arthur Leveson-Gower was a kinsman of the Duke of Sutherland. The heir presumptive to his Grace, in all titles except the Earldom of Sutherland and Barony of Strathnaver, is Mr. Frederick Neville Leveson-Gower, who is nearing fifty and unmarried. The late Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower's only child, whose names are Elizabeth Millicent, and who will be two in March, is heiress presumptive to the first-mentioned titles. Elizabeth was the name of the Countess of Sutherland who married the Marquess of Stafford created first Duke of Sutherland. Millicent, the little lady has from her grandmother, Lady Millicent Hawes, who made a great success of being Duchess of Sutherland for a short period of years, and of being Marchioness of Stafford for a longer one.

The engagement of Miss Flavia Forbes, who is in her twenty-first year, to Mr. Lionel F. Heald, of Rignalls, Great Missenden, is of interest. Her mother, Lady Angela Forbes, is well known as youngest of the five remarkable daughters of Blanche Countess of Rosslyn—the Countess of Warwick and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox by her first marriage; Lady Millicent

Hawes, the late Countess of Westmorland, and Lady Angela of her second, with the late Earl of Rosslyn. Lady Angela had some of the literary talent of her father, and early in life wrote verses. Her elder daughter, whose charming name is Marigold, is the wife of Sir Archibald Sinclair, who served with distinction in the war, and was returned for Caithness and Sutherland as Member in the new Parliament. He has a picturesque-looking castle just outside the town of Thurso. Miss Flavia Forbes, as a girl, helped her mother with her canteen at Le Touquet. She is one of the grand-children of Blanche Lady Rosslyn.

There will be some curiosity about the effect on the Monte Carlo season of the new rule by the Prince who has recently been established in that small Principality. He is over forty and unmarried. On his mother's side he is British—she was Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton, sister of the late Duke of Hamilton. His father was a devotee of marine science, and neither of his two marriages was permanent. His second wife, known as Alice Princess of Monaco, stays a great deal in London, and has recently been far from well, but is now happily better. The present Prince has lived much in Paris and is very French in his ways. He will probably take more part in the life of the little Principality than his father did, who spent the revenue from it on scientific marine research, and was frequently away in his specially equipped yacht.

Christmas over, the Sales are the next things that womenkind concentrate upon. Already at dinner and in intervals of bridge it is, "Have you been to Marshall and Snelgrove's?" The sale there will be in progress until the 27th inst., and the bargains are apparently meeting with widespread appreciation. A dinner and dance gown with the new straight bodice of metal brocade and a skirt of crêpe beauté to tone with it for £5 18s. 6d., will appeal to women who know, and is but one of scores of such bargains. Model coats and skirts and three-piece suits can be

useful, and cost only 73s. 6d. Lack of space forbids my giving further examples, but a fully illustrated Sale Catalogue will be sent free on application, and in it the information will help to many a successful transaction.

On Monday next, the 8th, another much-looked-for sale begins at Debenham and Freebody's. It lasts until the 20th, and during that time the value offered will satisfy any reasonable being. A handsome beaver coney coat lined with satin, in smart and practicable shapes, will be sold for 33½ guineas. Stoles in the favourite animal shape, fox and skunk, will be sold for delightfully easy prices. A model coat of nutria and seal musquash is marked down from 145 guineas to 90 guineas. It is lined with rose and tinsel brocade, and is a very handsome, luxurious garment. A charming seal coney coat, three-quarter length, will be sold for 15½ guineas. There will be a special department on the third floor wherein coats and jumpers of many much less expensive varieties will be sold at 1 guinea and 2 guineas each, and dresses in wool at 2 guineas. Winter sports suits which were any price from 7½ to 18 guineas will be found in their usual department wonderfully reduced; while there are suits in soft, fleecy wool, the coat and skirt for 52s. 6d. A crêpe-de-Chine blouse may be purchased for 21s. 9d., and hand-made jumpers in similar material for 29s. 6d. Chiffon-velvet bridge coats will be marked down to 79s. 6d. For hundreds of other real bargains write for the illustrated catalogue, which will be sent post free. Remnant days on Fridays and Saturdays.

Those well-known and old friends of all who love the best in dress, Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, are also engaged in the, to us, pleasant proceeding of selling off, and will be so engaged until the 27th inst. They have even special sale bargains because of rebuilding. Corsets which were 10s. 9d. are 4s. 6d. Silks, spunella, and spunellade-Chine are being reduced to close upon half the original prices; they are all silk, and of fast washing colours. A very large portion of the stock is being marked down in this wonderful way to make room for ordinary business while rebuilding is in progress. Early spring tailor-made suits in fine rep fabrics are being sold for 8½ guineas. Velour tailor-made suits trimmed with smoke-dyed ombre fur cost only 13½ guineas, and sold freely for 18½. A natural musquash coat can be purchased for 29 guineas, and is of fine soft and dark skins. For 6½ and 7½ guineas smart, graceful, and stylish tea-frocks can be chosen. The illustrated catalogue, showing hundreds of most excellent investments, will

be sent free on application. Cretonnes are a speciality, being reduced from 3s. 11d. to 1s. 9d. a yard; some from 6s. 11d. to 3s. 9d. I hope I have said enough to introduce a really good sale. A. E. L.



SOME WONDERFUL BARGAINS AT HARRODS' SALE.

There can be no excuse for a woman's not looking nice in the evenings when such wonderful bargains can be got at Harrods' Sale, which commences on January 8 and continues till the 13th. The simple yet charming gown on the left, of crêpe beauté, is priced as low as 79s. 6d. The centre gown is of velvet with bodice of net embroidered with beads, and can be had for 10 guineas. The third frock is of black crêpe beauté and gold lace, and its cost is 11½ guineas.

had from 8½ guineas to 21 guineas, which were twice those prices. Well-cut and well-tailored skirts at 39s. 6d. will find many purchasers. There are charming hats from 35s. Knitted wrap-coats are cosy and

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The Devonshire Club (Formerly Crockford's).

IN 1828, when Crockford, the Fleet Street fishmonger, built the present magnificent club house in St. James's Street, the gambling craze had flagged for some years. The luxuriance of the palatial building, however, proved a successful bait, and the Club soon became the rage among the votaries of fashion. Even the great Duke of Wellington, who never took a chance even at cards or hazard, was a regular habitué.

Crockford himself nominally retired in 1840, a millionaire, having, according to Gronow, "won the whole of the ready money of the then existing generation"! Crockford's original premises have, of course, been occupied for many years by the Devonshire, and much of the building is still easily identifiable. Its "state drawing room" and the "Sanctum Sanctorum," where the highest gaming took place, serve now as one of the finest Club "Coffee" Rooms in London. The Cockpit in the basement, with a traditional bolt-hole, has descended to the prosaic uses of a coal cellar!

The illustration shows an incident narrated by Lord Granville at the inaugural dinner of the Devonshire Club in 1875. At the mature age of twelve he was taken to the Club by his father, the first Lord Granville. "While I was sitting," he said, "beside my father, who was having extraordinarily good luck, and had a huge pile of sovereigns before him, Count D'Orsay came up and said, 'Granville, old boy, I'm having terribly bad luck, do lend me some of your money?' And, without waiting for an answer, seized a handful from his pile of gold."

History does not say whether the loan thus cavalierly taken was ever repaid, but it does give many stories of the wonders of Crockford's cuisine under the charge of the famous Ude, who received the then enormous salary of £1,200 a year, and of the marvels of its cellars, which, "independent of innumerable pipes," contained 300,000 bottles. Among them, we may be sure, was always to be found in a place of honour John Haig Whisky, for ever since 1627, two centuries before Crockford's was established, the *original* Haig Whisky has been recognised as the choicest of all.



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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BEARDED TITS AND DARTFORD WARBLERS.

THE Woolhope Naturalists' Field Club, of Hereford, has just issued an appeal which we venture to think they will, before long, regard as an "indiscretion." They point out that, though the Museum at Hereford contains a good collection of British birds, there are still many species needed to make the collection even "fairly complete." They therefore appeal to their members to make an effort to supply these deficiencies, and give the name of a taxidermist to whom such specimens may be sent "*immediately after death*" (italics mine). This appeal seems natural and harmless enough, till we look at the list of the species marked down for slaughter. Among these we find the bearded tit, the Dartford warbler and the Kentish plover, the gull-billed tern, Sabine's gull, and Woodchat shrike—but the list is a long one.

What are we to say about this apparently casual request for the bearded tit, the Dartford warbler, and the Kentish plover, which are to be sent to the taxidermist "soon after death"? Any attempt to answer this query seems to throw us on the horns of a dilemma. For this list, it is to be remembered, is issued by the members of a "Naturalists' Field Club." On this account it would be reasonable to suppose that the members of that club are fully aware that these three species are confined each to an exceedingly circumscribed area of our country-side, to be reckoned only in acres; and that but for the most zealous protection they would long since have become extinct, as British birds. But in this case, fully alive to the facts as to the frailty of the hold on life which obtains in the matter of these three species—three of the most precious on the list of our native birds—the Club places itself in a very unenviable position, for it will most certainly incur the censure of every scientific society throughout the kingdom. It is an amazing request!

If, on the other hand, we suppose that the heinousness of this appeal was not realised by the members of the Club, then we must conclude that as a "Field Club" they have much to learn in regard to our British birds. One is the more inclined to take this view because, in this terrible list, birds such as the gull-billed tern, Sabine's gull, and the spotted redshank, are bracketed together with birds like the common redshank, house-martin, and twite, as though all were equally easily obtained, and not, as they are, very casual and accidental vagrants.

In the course of my wanderings I have visited a very considerable number of provincial museums. These visits have generally been followed by a "fit of the blues"! Misshapen birds, faded moths and

butterflies, shells, often wrongly named, vie with three-masted schooners in medicine-bottles in a sickly attempt to kindle a spark of interest in the breasts of the visitors, who wander around like lost souls seeking rest. There are happy exceptions to this rule. Last September I found myself in the Exeter



A "LUSTY TROUT" INDEED: A MONSTER OF 32½ LB. CAUGHT WITH ROD AND LINE AT ST. MORITZ.

This huge trout, weighing 32½ lb., was caught with rod and line in the Camper Lake at St. Moritz, in Switzerland, by Signor Ell, who is seen on the right in the photograph. The fact that he is over 6 ft. high indicates the great length of the fish, which is probably of record size for Continental rivers.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Museum. It surprised and delighted me. Here, very properly, special prominence was given to the fauna and flora of the county. But to ensure a right

understanding of this, beautifully prepared specimens were exhibited to illustrate the leading structural features of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, as well as of the geology of the county. Preparations of this kind should find a place in at least every provincial museum which is rate-aided, for such exhibits are essential to the more serious Nature-lovers, young and old, who are unable to fare forth to the great British Museum, the source of inspiration to the provinces.


There seems to be a pernicious notion among provincial museums that they should first and foremost be able to display a "complete" collection of British birds, though rarely is any evidence afforded that there is the least understanding or intelligent meaning behind such displays.

An utterly useless crowd of dilapidated and faded distortions only too often represent the "British bird" collection; and it is associated with no sort of attempt to show wherein our native species differ from their Continental counterparts, or the seasonal changes of plumage, or the successive phases of plumage which many species display in the course of their development from nestling to adult. The common and tree sparrows, the starling and black-headed gulls, afford instances in point. If this had been the standard of the Hereford Museum, it would never have issued this deplorable appeal for bearded tits, Dartford warblers, and Kentish plovers!

W. P. PYCRAFT.

This year the Trocadero again presented its guests on New Year's Eve with a prettily bound diary entitled "A Gourmet's Year." Once more there is an apt quotation relevant to food or wine for each day of the year, and it says much for the skill of the anonymous compiler that the 1923 edition, completely revised and innocent of repetition, is not a whit less delightful than last year's.

A welcome announcement for the New Year is made by the Brighton Railway with regard to a reduction in fares on and from January 1. The revision affects both first and third class tickets, and includes ordinary, week-end, and cheap day fares. The reductions are quite appreciable, amounting in some cases to 20 per cent. It will be found that the greatest cuts are made in the first-class fares, and it is hoped that by this means the first-class travel will be restored to its pre-war popularity. The reductions will also extend to numerous cheap tickets now issued between various South Coast towns, also to those issued from surrounding country stations to the recognised market towns.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"POLLY." AT THE KINGSWAY.

"POLLY," as we see it at the Kingsway, is—perhaps, fortunately for its prospects—not quite the same thing as Gay wrote in sequel to "The Beggar's Opera," and Walpole banned as a squib directed against his political dictatorship. Mr. Clifford Bax, indeed, would seem to have handled the lyrics, and with them the story of Macheath's and Polly's adventures in Jamaica, almost as freely as Mr. Frederic Austin has treated the music, and Mr. Austin's score is as nearly new as it is finished and delightful. Enough of the broad eighteenth-century humour of the original is kept—thus in the case of Mrs. Trapes and her following—to conciliate our literary pedants; and for the rest we are offered rollicking melodrama, rendered highly picturesque by Mr. William Nicholson's charming and drolly fantastic costumes, and adorned with airs so fascinating that the first-night audience carried appreciation to almost crazy lengths of enthusiasm. Not a little of this admiration went out to the Polly of the occasion, the young Welsh singer, Miss Lilian Davies, who leapt into favour at a bound. She has got a lovely voice, exquisitely managed; she acts with style and with spirit; and she cuts the prettiest figure alike in uniform and in the dress of her own sex. Whatever else is pruned hereafter, not a single turn of hers should be touched. Only less successful than this new "star" is Mr. Pitt Chatham as Macheath; an accomplished singer, he has a sense of character also, and gets the right fantastic note into his performance. Nor can anyone complain that Mr. Percy Parsons' pirate-lieutenant, or Miss Adrienne Brune's Jenny Diver, or Miss Muriel Terry's Mrs. Trapes, or Miss Winifred Hare's Mrs. Ducat are not entertaining and full-blooded. If desert always met with its reward, the run of "Polly" should exceed that of "The Beggar's Opera"; and if Gay from his place among the shades would like, could he reach us, to make protest over the changes in his work—why, a fig for his opinion and his ingratitude!

"TREASURE ISLAND," AT THE STRAND.

It is hard to conceive how anyone could have made a better play than Mr. Fagan has done out of "Treasure Island," nor how this version, which keeps so faithfully to the spirit of the original, could have obtained a better cast than Mr. Arthur Bourchier has supplied at the Strand. There were difficulties, the prime one being that John Silver on the stage is cruelly handicapped by his one-legged state, but Mr.

representative than Frederick Peasley, whom every other lad will envy for his luck in being able to act out what they can only read and imagine. The scenic effects of Mr. Fagan's own designing and the incidental music composed by Frederick Corder are admirably suited to the text they illustrate.

"LILAC TIME," AT THE LYRIC.

The idea of making Schubert in middle age the central character of an operetta, and drawing upon his melodies to provide the score, is a little daring as well as quaint, but it is worked out with no small measure of success in "Lilac Time," though of course even a famous composer, who is shown sighing for love though he is stout and spectacled, must cut something of a ludicrous figure. That would not matter much, however, from the playgoer's point of view, especially as Mr. Courtice Pounds is seen at his best as the nervous, ungainly hero, if this Schubert were not condemned rather too monotonously to the business of renunciation, and were not responsible with his sad motto, "Others have life and love; I have—my music," for the atmosphere of the story being a little too sentimental. Audiences must make allowance for that flaw; and, once they have reconciled themselves to too mechanical a succession of sacrifices on the hero's part, they will find a vast deal to like in "Lilac Time." For here is Miss Clara Butterworth singing beautiful airs in a beautiful way; here is Mr. Pounds himself acting with a delightful sense of comedy; here are clever studies

of character from Miss Doris Clayton as a naughty ballerina, and from Mr. Edmund Gwenn as a heavy father who at one point actually bursts into song; and here, finally, an attempt is made to associate musical comedy with genuine classical music. The experiment was worth trying.

Our readers will be interested to know that the famous "Blue Train," now in regular service between Calais and the Côte d'Azur—referred to in our issue of December 23—was not only built by an English engineering firm, but was furnished and decorated by Messrs. Waring and Gillow.



AN AEROPLANE LANDS IN THE STREETS OF PARIS: AN ATTERRISSAGE FOLLOWED BY THE ARREST OF THE PILOT.

A small touring biplane, piloted by M. Becheler, recently landed in the Avenue Alexandre III. in Paris, and "taxied" along the street in the line of traffic. M. Becheler afterwards visited the Aeronautical Show at the Grand Palais. He was arrested by the police.—(Photograph by Topical.)

Bourchier performs miracles of agility with his single leg, and the pace of the story is not so crippled as might have been expected, while the sea-cook's parrot behaves himself with exemplary decorum. Children will love the parrot only less than his master. All the more famous figures of the romance make themselves felt on the stage—Black Dog, Pew, Tom Morgan, Israel Hands, Ben Gunn and the rest, Mr. Reginald Bach and Mr. Charles Groves both doing excellent work in doubling parts; and the fight between Hands and young Jim Hawkins is realistic enough to satisfy the most exacting schoolboy's demands. Jim himself could not have a more natural or spirited

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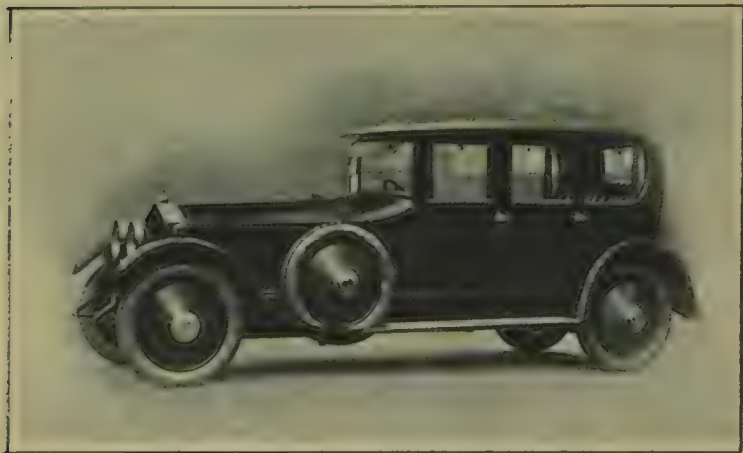
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Departure
in Design.

During the Christmas holidays I twice passed on the Brighton Road a car of extremely novel appearance. It looked more like the superstructure and conning-tower of a submarine mounted on wheels than



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anything else to which I can liken it. It seemed to be going well, though I agree there is nothing remarkable in this, for nearly all cars appear to be going well nowadays. The car in question I recognised for the North-Lucas, about which I have heard a great deal during the past month or two. It is a car of quite unconventional design—which, indeed, carries us back to the very early days of the motor-car, inasmuch as it embodies a reversion to the ancient practice of mounting the engine in the rear of the chassis instead of in front. It is needless to discuss the complete design in detail. That scarcely matters, for what is really remarkable is the complete departure in design foreshadowed by such a car, assuming that it proves successful. Undoubtedly there is a great deal to be said for carrying an engine aft instead of forward, and I am much inclined to the opinion that the old designers knew even more than they thought when they turned out such cars as, for example, the 10-h.p. belt-driven Delahaye. Where they failed was not so much in basic disability of design as in the want of balance in details, so to say. Had they possessed the intimate knowledge which has been born in a quarter-century of experience, such as the designer possesses

now, we might never have seen the car as we know it to-day. I agree that this is a matter of opinion, but I cannot help thinking that there is more than meets the eye in the efforts that are being made in many directions to get back to what we now regard as almost prehistoric practice. So much success seems to have attended such cars as the Rumpler and the North-Lucas that it is just as well to remember that by no means the last word has been said even in the matter of basic design of the motor-car.

Four-Wheeled
Brakes.

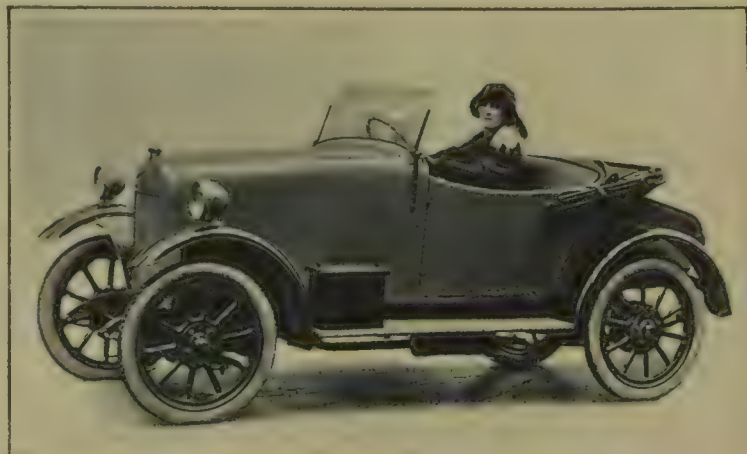
I confess to a feeling of slight amusement at the controversy which has been going on in the pages of some of the motor journals regarding four-wheel brakes. Many people seem to be rather afraid of them. Why this should be I do not know, unless it is that some of the controversialists have had experience of four-wheeled brakes which were radically wrong in design. The principle of braking on all wheels is almost as old as the motor-car, but there are inherent difficulties of design which militate against

the commercial application of this principle to all but the really expensive car. I recollect some years ago being handed over a car fitted with four-wheel brakes, and being cautioned that, if I used the front-wheel brakes, I must give the steering-wheel a turn to the left, because the off-side brake was working while the near-side did not, with the consequence that when the brakes were applied the car had a tendency to pull over to the right. I carefully tested the brakes while proceeding down Long Acre, and found that things were as they had been described. I felt perfectly happy until, somewhere near Hyde Park, I had to pull up rather suddenly, and, to my horror, discovered that the front-wheel brakes had quite reversed their misbehaviour. It was only by a very quick action that I averted a serious crash, and, needless to say, I had very little to do with four-wheeled braking for some time. My next experience of the system

was with the Perrot lay-out on the first of the 15-30 sleeve-valve Argyle cars. This I found absolutely ideal. I used to try all kinds of experiments which on a car with conventional braking would have been merely silly, but it was impossible to induce a braking skid, and on this car I learned to love braking on all four wheels. Since then I have had considerable experience of the system, and, provided it is properly designed, I am convinced that it is far and away ahead of any of the more orthodox systems. Its other drawback is that, if it is designed properly, it is rather expensive to manufacture, and, above all, it must be properly looked after.

Lighting
Legislation.

One is rather puzzled to know exactly what the status of the Ministry of Transport is under the new Government. At one time I read that the Ministry as a separate entity has practically ceased to exist; on another occasion I hear that, so far from this being the case, this Ministry is still busy with plans for new legislation affecting motoring. In particular, it is said to be going on with the draft Bill dealing with vehicle lighting. This is a matter which will require a great deal of watching, for reasons which I have set forth



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in detail in these notes on more than one occasion. It is very much to be hoped that the motoring organisations are keeping a close watch upon the activities of the Ministry, which, in the course of its fight for life, may inflict untold harm on road transport before its much-to-be-hoped-for decease. W. W.

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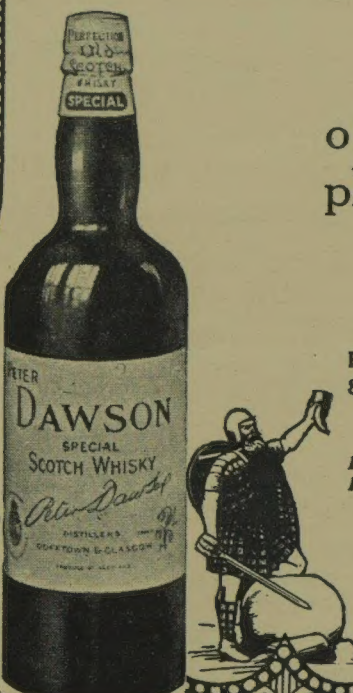
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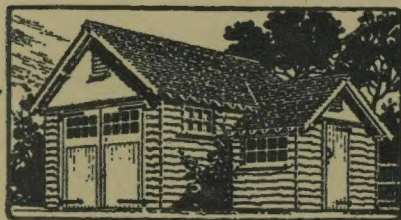
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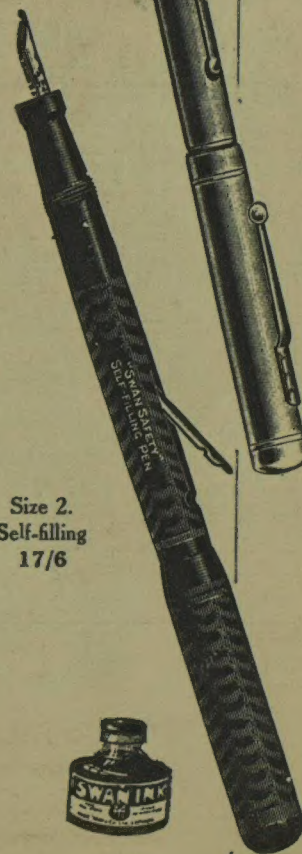
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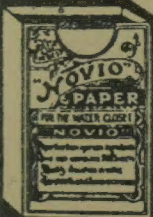
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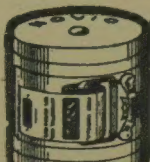
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See "LANCET'S" opinion, 27th July, 1907.

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"ARLEQUIN," AT THE EMPIRE.

"ARLEQUIN," now to be seen at the Empire Theatre, is one of those rather laboured and consistently oratorical pieces of fantastic drama which French audiences like better than do our English audiences, and French players, perhaps, act better than their English colleagues. In M. Maurice Magre's drama, which Mr. Louis Parker has "freely translated," we are shown, to put it briefly, Harlequin figuring as Don Juan, and being sent at last, unlike Don Juan, to a heaven he had scarcely deserved. But, while this hero is talked of as a great lover, we see little of his love-affairs in action, and are given instead, and to excess, long and somewhat monotonous speeches about his adventures, and about light love and its penalties in general. Thus, though the play can boast a very attractive setting with its costumes and scenes of old-time Venice, though it has its interludes of dancing arranged by a Massine, and its accompaniment of music of M. Gailhard's providing, and though also its Harlequin is for ever escaping from traps set for him by a hostile Doge, it makes on the whole but dismal entertainment. Possibly different acting in two of the principal parts might have made some difference in the impressions left by the drama in its English rendering. Mr. Godfrey Tearle's treatment of the hero strikes us as too heavy and too serious

for any Harlequin who is to live up to his name; while the Michaela of Miss Moyna MacGill has altogether too virginal an air for us to believe that her dying speeches are those of a victim of Don Juanism. But if this accomplished pair of artists are not too happily placed, the author must really take the blame for his work's proving so depressing an affair, for it is he who has insisted on his Harlequin being so tediously argumentative and so little of a gay blade, and on mixing him up with such lachrymose situations. Miss Rosina Filippi's cheery presence lights up the gloom; Miss Viola Tree looks a picture in her superb Venetian gowns, and with her monkey, parrot, and dancer in attendance; and Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry does his best to put some body into a shadowy part.

AROUND THE WORLD.

THE problem of going round the world is one that many of us would like to solve, but few have the good fortune to do so. The solution may be expressed by the old Latin adage, "Solvitur ambulando," since "Johnnie Walker" has produced his sumptuous guide-book entitled "Around the World." The book, it should be explained, is published by Messrs. John Walker and Sons, Ltd., of Kilmarnock, the famous whisky-distillers, and, as they can claim that "Johnnie Walker goes everywhere," the nature of

the publication is very appropriate. Although they modestly call it a guide-book, it is in reality a magnificent album of photographs, illustrating all the wonders of the world, which, it would appear, are not seven in number, but something more like seven hundred. Accompanying the photographs, on the opposite pages, are brief and readable notes, summarising the chief points of interest of the places visited. Every here and there are amusing cartoons illustrating the world tour of that famous traveller "Johnnie Walker," whose Pickwickian figure is so familiar. His departure for the Grand Tour in the good ship *New Century* forms the subject of a coloured frontispiece, which reminds us that, although born in 1820, he is "still going strong." The book is divided into three sections, and the countries of the world are arranged, not in alphabetical order, but on the lines of a real tour. In compiling the volume Messrs. John Walker have been much assisted by the local knowledge of their agents throughout the world, and to them it is dedicated. Picture-books of travel appeal to two classes of readers—those who have been there and those who have not. Messrs. Walker's delightful album will give pleasure to both. Besides the innumerable photographs, it contains at the end a large folding map of the world, marking the places visited, and adorned with pictorial decorations.

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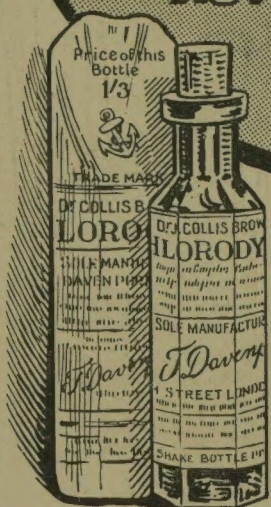
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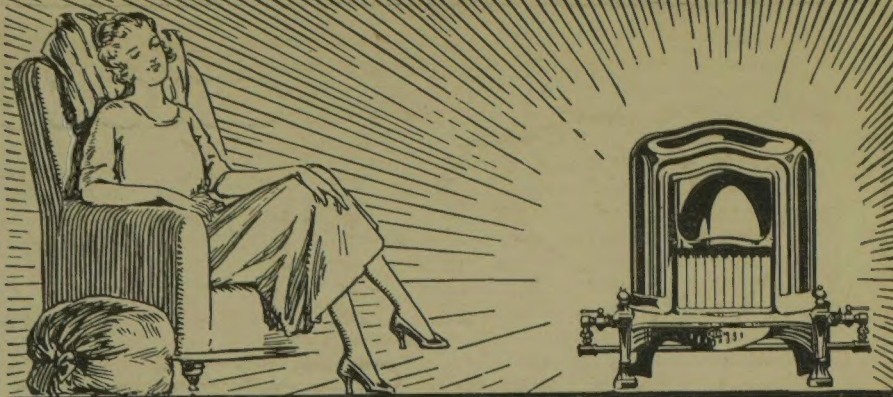


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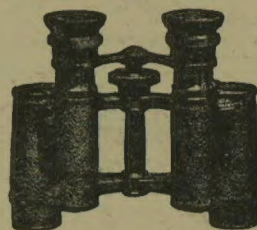
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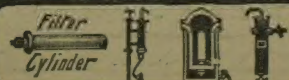
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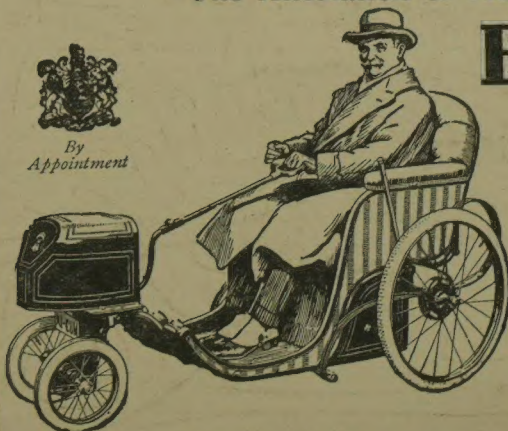
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